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FOUNDED IN 1865.

[Entered at the New York City Post Office as second-class mail matter.]

The Nation is published and owned by the New York Evening Post Co. Oswald Garrison Villard, President; William J. Pattison, Treasurer; Paul Elmer More, Editor.

Three dollars per year in advance, postpaid, in any part of the United States or Mexico; to Canada $3.50, and to foreign countries comprised in the Postal Union $4.00.

Address THE NATION, Box 794, New York.
Publication Office, 20 Vesey Street.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1910.

The Week.

Mr. Taft's renewed pledge that he will veto any River and Harbor bill hereafter if drawn in the old-fashioned log-rolling style is most welcome. If he really ends that mischievous "pork-barrel" style of internal development of the nation he will merit the hearty praise of his countrymen; for, we believe, one veto will end it forever. Next to conservation of our resources comes in order of merit their orderly and economical development and the business-like erection of public buildings and works necessary to the carrying on of the public business. No President ever had a greater chance to make memorable reforms than Mr. Taft; certainly, no one can assert that his predecessors have left him nothing to do. To take the postmasters out of politics and make service in the post offices a life-career for American citizens as it is abroad; to extend the civil service; to take the consular and diplomatic service entirely out of politics; to end some of the pension abuses—if Mr. Taft will but devote himself to constructive work of that kind he may yet win the affections of the American people to the degree his friends desire for him.

One the eve of the Republican Convention the *World* of New York printed the facts as to the tremendous bills for Mr. Roosevelt's travelling expenses incurred by the Pennsylvania Railroad during his Presidency. They amount, according to this report, to no less than $100,000 for transportation, Pullman cars, food, wines, and cigars for himself and his travelling companions. For this the company received not a cent from Mr. Roosevelt or from the Government. For weeks past it has been known that the Pennsylvania Railroad would be challenged for its failure to enforce payment of these bills, as soon as Mr. McCrea returned from Europe. He arrived last week, and a stockholder has now written to him asking if there is any reason why this debt of $100,000 should not be collected. On the face of it, it is a gross injustice to the stockholders that such costly services should be given free of charge even to the President of the United States. It is a difficult question the Pennsylvania Railroad is compelled to answer. Ought it, from any point of view, to give favors to a man in the highest office when that man is in a position to do it very great harm? As for ourselves, we sincerely hope that the day will come when there will be a President in the White House who will attend to his business and travel little. When he travels, we trust such a man as we have in mind will be enough of a Jeffersonian to travel in a Pullman car, or at most in a private car attached to a regular train, without any uniformed attendants, save on occasions of state, and quite free from newspaper correspondents to exalt and advertise him wherever he moves.

Tuesday's final and crushing defeat of the Old Guard at the Saratoga Republican Convention was merely the climax of a series of blunders committed by men whose boast it has been that they were the greatest political experts living. Their strategy this year began with a trick and ended in a rout. The thing which they most chuckled over as a supreme proof of their astuteness—the voting down of Roosevelt in the State Committee—is now seen to have been an act of sublime folly. It at once forced an issue which they had not the strength to fight through. If they had been wise enough to let Mr. Roosevelt's name go through the Committee without a contest, they might have been able quietly to rally their followers and to control the Convention; instead of that they had made their attack gratuitously and ostentatiously. And as a crowning evidence of their masterly tactics they put up "Abe" Gruber, with his Bowery eloquence, to make their final appeal! Gruber vs. Roosevelt—this was the high-water mark of political adroitness! No wonder that it was a Waterloo for the Old Guard.

Presently, what may come to be called the "Rhode Island experiment" may challenge the general attention. The death of "Boss" Brayton at Providence has given the electors of that State an opportunity to make an essay in self-government. So accustomed had they become to his domination that even in his broken old age his control was not questioned. His death takes from the political stage the last of the old-time "bosses" of the type of Buckley and Ruef in San Francisco, "Ed" Butler in St. Louis, McLaughlin in Brooklyn, Quay in Pennsylvania, and Croker and Platt in New York. None of these went about the routine of their business so directly, so simply and without pretence, as the purposeful and resolute old blind man who for so many years ruled Rhode Island as an absolute autocrat. There was never any secret about his power or its sources. While the Legislature was in session, he went to the State House each day and personally told it what it might and what it might not do. As the Governor had no veto, Brayton exercised the functions of both Governor and Legislature. He debauched the rural voters, and made Rhode Island's shame and corruption a by-word. He was merely amused at the sporadic denunciations of his rule not followed by any efforts to overthrow him. There was no "insurgent" spirit among Rhode Island Republicans, while he lived and Aldrich was in the Senate. What will the people of the State do when bereft of both their rulers?

Republican progressives in Illinois are planning changes in the rules of the House at Springfield to prevent the *smothering of bills in committee*, by providing that the bills not reported in a certain time may be brought directly before the House. They also propose to limit the number of employees of the House by a rule that no janitors can go on the pay-rolls except by resolution. Other States might well take similar action. There is also the custom, which is observed in Maryland at least, of increasing the legal pay of legislative employees by a series of bills rushed through at the end of the session granting special compensation to the various grades of scrubwomen, janitors, doorkeepers, etc., not forgetting so high-placed an officer as the reading clerk, for "extra services." It is probable that many far greater reforms will have become the accepted order long before these insidiously petty irregularities have succumbed.

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The "greatest sensation" in the history of the Cincinnati police department is said to be impending as a result of charges of the exaction of "tribute" in return for protection to saloons in the lowest districts. The Director of Public Safety, Mr. Small, at once began a personal investigation, which is said to have resulted in a mass of evidence confirming the charges. James Mulligan, owner of a small saloon and hotel, furnished the most direct testimony, naming Inspector Casey as personally receiving money from him for a period of five years. At first the money was paid irregularly, but finally Mulligan was informed that Casey wanted a stipulated sum weekly. Unable to pay the amount named, Mulligan replied that he would give what he could spare. As a result, he says, "I kept open every night in the five years I paid Casey money. Before that, I was arrested repeatedly. If any one doesn't believe what I say, look over the police court docket." The inspector denies the charges, and George B. Cox, the Republican boss, declares that the organization will not cover up anything. Meanwhile, two rules have been added to the regulations of the police department, one providing that the Mayor or the police director may at any time instruct the chief of police to bring charges when the occasion seems to warrant it, and the other, that either of the two officials may transfer policemen at will.

Last Sunday's decision of the four leading organizations of railway employees to back up the campaign of the railways for higher rates is, no doubt, important, but the weight to be attached to it is uncertain. These railway unions do not and cannot profess to have gone into the question with the minute analysis of economists, or even of the lawyers employed by shippers who are stoutly contesting the proposed advances and asking the Interstate Commerce Commission not to allow them. The employees appear to go blandly upon the theory that whatever is good for the railways will be good for them. So far as their action implies a readiness to coöperate with their employers, it is welcome. If they have in mind to ask higher wages for themselves after the increased rates for transportation are in force, their move is clearly tactical. But, in any event, they do not speak as experts in the matter of the proper charge for carrying freight and passengers. That has to be decided by other tribunals, and upon evidence which is statistical and financial, rather than emotional.

The invariable desire for more pensions has again marked the annual gathering of the Grand Army of the Republic at Atlantic City. Not satisfied with the general service pension for cowards, bummers, and brave men alike, there was voiced a demand for a dollar-a-day pension. This was too much, however, for the Pension Committee, which is reported to have declared it to be wholly without reason. As a compromise, however, there is a plan to urge a much larger pension for veterans seventy-five years of age or over than they are now receiving. Again, there is a plan to let down the bars in regard to soldiers' widows. The present wise provision of law that no woman who was married after 1890 shall receive aid is to be changed to read that any widow who was married to her husband three years before his death shall go on the pension-roll. But this would open the doors wide to some of the worst pension abuses the country has heretofore seen. The marrying off of senile veterans of the Revolutionary and Mexican wars, and of the Civil War as well, to young women was a regular business at one time, the object being to assure a life's pension to the woman. The present law ended that; it should never be touched. The annual spectacle of the rapidly thinning hosts of the men who wore the blue uniform is pathetic enough. It ought not to be made more so by further demands on what is and has been the most generous country on earth to its old soldiers.

Automobile owners everywhere will read with interest the news that a certain company which manufactures automobile parts and accessories has made net profits of 300 per cent. a year for the last three years. They have known that the rubber tires they are compelled to buy show an enormous profit, and they feel sure that cars which now sell for $4,500 or $5,000 and cost the makers only $1,800 when they leave the factory, could be retailed for $3,000 to the advantage of purchaser and seller, if the big agents' profits were cut down and less money spent on costly buildings. Gradually there will be a readjustment in the automobile world, which has had a tremendous inflation similar to that which went on among bicycle-makers when the bicycle craze was at its height. Low-priced cars are certain of a steady market, for the automobile has come to stay; but the higher-priced cars have not quite so plain sailing before them, if one may judge by certain signs of the times. Already, for instance, tops and other appurtenances are being given without extra charge, thus reducing the price of the car by perhaps $200. When still further reductions are made, the trade will profit by it and reach a normal permanent basis.

The annual sophomore-freshman clashes have begun with the usual amount of excitement, determination, and bruises. To the uncollegiate outsider, these performances at times seem somewhat inharmonious with the advertised atmosphere of the institutions at which they flourish, so that now and then an ignorant policeman gets himself into trouble by interfering with what looks to his unsophisticated eyes like a fight. But the phenomenon is only a strange phase of college loyalty, plus its natural corollary, class spirit. Here is a band of barbarians with the audacity to invade our sacred campus and our classic halls, even to aspire to be in a fleeting twelvemonth what in the same time we ourselves have become. Shall the door automatically swing open—especially now that we are in, and more especially that we got in only at the price of various humiliations which can be conveniently avenged only upon the new-comers? And so individual and class spirit blends with love for alma mater in a beautiful ideal that exists nowhere else about the quadrangle, except, of course, upon the gridiron.

One of the results of the "Osborne Judgment" by the House of Lords, holding that trades unions could not use their funds to pay members of Parliament, has been to revive the agitation for the payment of salaries to all members of Parliament, out of the Exchequer. Curiously but characteristically, this proposal is favored by several of the true-blue Conservative newspapers. Although they have long denounced the payment of members of the House of

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Commons as a sure step toward its degradation, and a menace to the state, they now see in it a clever electioneering move, and are urging their party leaders to be first in the field with an endorsement of the plan. Both the *Observer* and the *Morning Post* have taken this line, and the Tory *Standard* goes even further, declaring that "the solution lies in the payment of members of Parliament out of public funds, and—within reasonable and restricted limits—the payment of their election expenses also. The member's stipend should be no larger than would compensate a superior artisan for abandoning his employment and enable him to discharge his public duties in comfort."

The meat question in Germany has become a grave political issue. It is not merely that the prices are so high as to be prohibitive for the poorer classes, or that the present emergency is temporarily acute. There is an actual dearth of meat. The high prices were bad enough in 1905 and 1906, when there were debates in the Reichstag and many legislative bodies, and protests and resolutions from all over the country. On the 30th of November, 1905, the then Prussian Minister of Agriculture, Herr von Podbielski, actually declared that the high prices were "merely a passing phenomenon"; but where there was then discomfort, there is to-day a real crisis. What angers the Liberal press in Germany is that much of the resultant suffering is quite unnecessary. By means of laws drawn by and passed by the Agrarians, all sorts of unreasonable restrictions upon importations, and too severe quarantine regulations, imports of cattle from the Argentine Republic, and from Denmark, Holland, and France, are virtually prohibited. The Government could help at once by lowering the duties and the freight rates on cattle, and by being less rigorous about the exclusion of cattle for medical reasons, while still protecting the country from animals suffering from tuberculosis. But it does nothing, because it is controlled by the Agrarians and the protectionists. Quite recently the city fathers of Berlin and Frankfort-on-the-Main have protested officially to the Government; the large cities are suffering the most.

General Botha's decision to remain at the head of the Government of the South African Union, despite his defeat in the elections to the Parliament, is what might have been expected of that doughty leader of the Nationalist party. He was beaten in the constituency of Pretoria East by Sir Percy Fitz Patrick, but can easily find another seat. Four members of his Cabinet were returned unopposed; and while the Nationalist majority in the Parliament will not be so great as was expected, it will be fully adequate to carrying on the Government. The recent electoral campaign followed pretty closely the old lines of political division in South Africa. The Nationalists still represent most strongly the Dutch element, though the Unionists have drawn away to themselves many Dutch votes, particularly among the commercial and industrial classes. The Boer farmer, however, has stood firmly by the Boer Premier. Dr. Jameson is singled out as the predestined leader of the Opposition, having won for himself a high place in public confidence since his return to public life ten years ago. Next to Gen. Botha, he is said to be to-day the South African statesman "most widely trusted by South Africans of either race." This is a surprising achievement after the intense bitterness engendered by the Jameson Raid. But it is equally surprising to read the high praise which the London *Times* gives to Gen. Botha, along with Dr. Jameson, concluding that "South African politics is safe in the hands of two such men." Surely time does bring its revenges.

The little flurry about the Turkish loan of $30,000,000 recalls to the European stage the shadowy figure of "the balance of power." That once familiar actor has not been often seen in recent years. The events of 1870 and succeeding years caused a complete derangement of all the old ideas about the proper "equilibrium" of Europe. Then came new adjustments and alliances, to play off one against the other—the Triple Alliance against the Dual, and so on. But that "balance," too, got badly upset by the blow to the prestige of Russia in the Japanese war, and later by the success of England in coming to a good understanding with France, and afterwards Russia, besides establishing herself securely in Spain and practically detaching Italy from the *Dreikaiserbund*. Germany, however, has recently, with Austria, been strengthening herself in the Near East; and a diplomatic and international question of great importance has been whether Turkey, under her new régime, would cast in her lot with the Central European Powers. Having to pay for ships and military material, mostly bought from Germans, she went to her old borrowing markets, Paris and London. But her proposals have been rejected in both places, and rejected, it is pretty well understood, on account of government pressure. If Turkey is to side with Austria and Germany, those countries, not France or England, must supply her the money. They could easily do it, one would suppose, considering the object; and if they do, we shall again see diplomacy concerning itself actively with "the balance of power in Europe."

After languishing for two years, the project of an English university at Hongkong seems about to be realized. The minimum sum regarded as necessary, £100,000, has been virtually raised, and the promoters now appeal to the British public to add enough to make the institution worthy of its title. Just at this point, however, a plan is announced for another university in China, under mission auspices. Among the 400,000,000 of Chinese even two universities would hardly be too many, but a supporter of the Hongkong idea is at some pains to point out in the London *Times* the advantages of this scheme. Its location in a British colony, he thinks, will promote continuity of policy, besides assuring exemption from Chinese official interference, especially in the department of medicine. A second point of difference lies in the fact that the proposed Han-kau University adopts Chinese, the Hongkong University, English, as the medium of instruction. But the crucial point, in the opinion of the *Times* correspondent, is the hope of affiliating the Hongkong University with some British university, for the purpose of giving weight to its degrees with the Chinese. This, the writer argues, the degrees of a purely Chinese university could not have, even though its standard was identical with that of Europe, or, he is kind enough to add, America. Both universities have for their main object the developing of a moral discipline strong enough to withstand the prevailing corruption.

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DEAR MARIA AND THEODORE.

Mrs. Bellamy Storer's return to her controversy with Mr. Roosevelt in 1906 is marked by the publication in the Springfield *Republican* of fresh documents. Into the subsidiary questions we will not here go. We will not ask whether President Roosevelt's treatment of Mr. and Mrs. Storer was such as his deep personal obligations to them made either generous or honorable. We will say nothing of the propriety of the President of the United States meddling in Vatican politics, and seeking to influence the choice of a Cardinal of the Catholic Church. We wish rather to focus attention upon the comparison of Mr. Roosevelt's deliberate and written assertions with the contemporary and also written evidence supplied by the hitherto unpublished letters of Archbishop Ireland. It is easy to challenge the veracity of a newspaper, it is easy for some men to accuse a woman of untruthfulness, but a Catholic prelate is not to be so lightly disposed of.

In order to make the issue sharp and clear, we shall print what Mr. Roosevelt wrote and what Archbishop Ireland wrote, side by side. Mr. and Mrs. Storer had asserted that President Roosevelt had given Mr. Storer verbal authority to use his good offices at the Vatican in behalf of Archbishop Ireland's elevation to the Cardinalate. Of this President Roosevelt, in his public letter to Secretary Root, December 2, 1906, made the flattest possible denial. The parallel follows:

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.	JOHN IRELAND.
As for Mr. Storer's assertion that I authorized him to make such a statement as, he says he was authorized to make to the Pope, it is untrue. I gave him no such authorization.	The President also told me that he had commissioned Mr. Storer to speak for him *viva voce* at the Vatican. He seemed rather proud of having done so. The President said to me: "Mr. Storer has told you what I said to him about you, archbishop?" "Well," I replied, "I do not remember." "About his going to Rome?" the President then asked. I said "No." "Well," he said, "I told him I would not write a letter to the Pope, asking for honors for you; but I said that he could go to Rome and say—*viva voce*—to the Pope, how much I wish you to be cardinal, and how grateful I personally would be to him for giving you that honor." I am most clear in my memory as to every word. . . .

At the time of Mr. Storer's intercession at the Vatican, some wind of the affair got into the dispatches. We subjoin what President Roosevelt wrote and what Archbishop Ireland wrote about that matter:

ROOSEVELT TO MR. STORER.	IRELAND TO MR. STORER.
The mere fact of the report in the newspapers about your calling at the Vatican has had a very unfortunate effect. . . . Think of the effect if your letter were made public.	Your two letters were read and burnt. . . . However, you need have no anxiety whatsoever about the whole affair which was the chief subject matter of those letters. . . . The President had no occasion to feel ruffled in the least, but you know his impulsiveness. When I saw him he of his own accord told me of his writing to you, and asked me how publicity was given to the matter. . . . I said the Scripps-McRae agency had merely made a guess (as to Mr. Storer's coming to Rome), and that the few unfavorable comments that followed amounted really to nothing. . . . He calmed down completely; remarked that he had every confidence in you, and hoped that the outcome of your mission would be what all desired. . . .

To complete this confrontation of witnesses, we add a parallel on another subject. In his letter to Secretary Root, President Roosevelt referred to the expectation of the Storers that he would send them to the Embassy at London or Paris. His own account and the Archbishop's account follow:

ROOSEVELT.	IRELAND.
She [Mrs. Storer] wrote me on October 17 suggesting the embassies at London and Paris. . . . There is a certain element of the comic in their attempt thus to get me to remove Mr. Choate or Mr. Porter.	I have had two most pleasant meetings with the President at the White House. He is decidedly your friend, and resolved to give you the best there is. "Even," said he, "if Berlin comes first, and Bellamy wished it for a little while, pending Choate's retention of London, I would give it to him and change him shortly afterward to London. Let him trust me." . . . He promised me that the next ambassador to Paris would be Mr. Storer, and furthermore expressed the belief that Gen. Porter would soon retire.

We merely remark that this is a fearful showing for a man who has recently been so free with his epithets of "liar" and "peculiar baseness" and "mendacious journalism." Any journalist who should be caught in the coils of such peculiarly deadly parallels would feel like hanging himself. He would certainly go out of business—or be put out. And this leads us to ask the immediate and serious attention of the *Outlook* to the plight of its Contributing Editor. It was credulous enough to say that Mr. Roosevelt had never asked for any office, except that of lieutenant-colonel of the Rough Riders. When it reads his pleading letter to Bellamy Storer, written in 1896, asking his help with President McKinley in securing the office of Assistant Secretary of the Navy, it will get needed instruction. But that is a trifle compared with this new and terrible impeachment of Mr. Roosevelt's veracity. Mr. Roosevelt himself declines to have "any further controversy with Mrs. Storer." He speaks of the letters published four years ago as making "a record against which no recollections of verbal conversations can stand." Hence, he says, "the question of veracity cannot be raised." But this is to dodge the issue as now made by Mrs. Storer. She publishes *new* letters by Archbishop Ireland, absolutely confirming what she had before asserted on her own word, and absolutely destructive of Mr. Roosevelt's public statement when he was President. For a man so directly impeached merely to say now that he will not "reopen" the case, is in reality a confession that he is unable to meet the damaging charges.

VOX POPULI.

There is a strain of sadness, almost of bitterness, in the comments of the Chicago "Progressives" on the disappointing results of the recent primaries in that city and in Illinois. Such high-minded men—*pace* the *Inter Ocean*—as the leaders of the Legislative Voters'

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League, while keeping within the bounds of respect due to the Sovereign Voice, are unable to keep out of their comment that note of pained surprise with which we greet the imperfect manifestations of the training we have so carefully given to an apparently impressionable child. The issues seemed clear-cut. Other States had spoken with emphasis upon such as were common to them. And yet the Lorimer bi-partisan machine was merely jostled. It is incidents like this that lead to our contradictory estimate and dictum upon the finality of the public judgment. To-day we are ready to subscribe to the motto of Vox Populi Vox Dei. To-morrow, in our wrath, we shall write it Diaboli. While complete analysis and understanding of popular opinion are impossible, they are also unnecessary. The trouble is not so much our inability to comprehend the phenomenon, puzzling as its operations often are, as it is our half-views of it when we are laboring under blinding disappointment and despair over its faulty working.

In the first place, we all recognize that there are matters for the masses and matters for the experts. We know, when we stop to think, that there is a large field of human interest open to us all which only a few really enter into and possess. Art and science are realms which we penetrate in varying degree, and certainly there is no obligation resting upon us to explore completely or not at all. Yet, partly because of the easy humor of it, partly because of the serious need, critics more or less competent make it one of their regular tasks to point anew to popular shortcomings of taste, of knowledge, and of judgment in these matters. They do it, moreover, with an air of half-amused, half-bored hopelessness that suggests and is meant to suggest the worthlessness of popular notions about anything. Now, it is well to insist that art and science must be approached seriously, and that one cannot precipitate himself into the midst of their oceanic vastness. It may also be true that the general opinion, if there is any, in these matters will always be negligible, except as an item in the history of culture. But all this proves absolutely nothing regarding the worth of the public judgment in other fields.

But, however it may be in things intellectual, it is not lack of ability that disheartens one in the public's handling of affairs more suited to it. Its critics do not weep over its native political incapacity; they scold it for its indifference, its tardiness, its careless and criminal stupidity. One day the great beast is afire with a well-directed energy that removes mountains. The next it is sunk in lifeless torpor. It is necessary for the impatient observer to hold fast to two considerations if he would rightly understand the prodigy. One is that the public consciousness is not simply a weighing-machine. It is, on the contrary, a huge personality, an immense bundle of nerves, responsive in varying degree to a multitude of influences, and, in our present state of psychological knowledge, to be prophesied about only with the greatest presumption. It is suspicious of professions of disinterestedness in its behalf, and an enthusiastic worshipper of a long succession of heroes. It is subject to moods, has its political fads and fashions, and is, altogether, anything but a sober, steady, mechanical shopkeeper. Nevertheless, its heart is in the right place, a balance-wheel that controls, with whatever imperfections of adjustment, its short-sightedness, its impulsiveness, and its inertia.

A consideration equally important is that the fallibility of the popular judgment is not utterly condemnatory of it. In our endless seeking for a sign we have, naturally enough, elevated the voice of the people into the place of an oracle. Some one must speak the final word, and how can it be final unless it is correct? Such a test applied generally would destroy confidence in the value of all authority. Our longing for the absolute, essential as it is to progress, must not be allowed to tempt us to depreciate the worth of the relative and the finite that is within our grasp. The voice of the people is neither the voice of God nor the utterance of Belial—it is simply the cry of man. Sometimes it is muffled by weakness, sometimes rendered inarticulate by artificial barriers, raised sometimes in misapprehension and sometimes clearly for wrong. But always it is the cry of imperfect, struggling, divine-human man, and, like him, the most puzzling, the most irritating, and the most hopeful phenomenon on the planet.

COURAGE IN ATTACK.

A current periodical gives a stirring account of the way in which a certain progressive minister succeeded in filling his church by denouncing the criminally rich. It was apparently a good "stroke of business," as business is commonly defined, and from that point of view is not to be criticised. The striking thing about the article is, however, that instead of commending the minister for his shrewdness, the author praises him for his superlative courage. It certainly is not the highest form of courage for a minister to do the thing which everybody knows will fill his church and increase his income, or for an editor to fill his paper with what he thinks the people desire and will pay for.

If some minister, or publicist, or ex-President really wishes to display a high type of courage, he has a splendid opportunity. Let him begin denouncing the criminally poor. There is not the slightest doubt that there are more criminally poor men than criminally rich men. One does not have to go very far to find men who are poor through wasted opportunities, through dissipated energies, through all sorts of irrational and immoral conduct. It is, of course, certain that such a preacher of righteousness as this would be misinterpreted and maliciously misquoted. He would, for example, be charged with saying that poor men are criminals; but it is the common fate of all men of courage to be thus misquoted. Besides, has any one ever hesitated to denounce the criminally rich, even though he was regularly understood to mean that the rich were criminals? Doubtless there are many who hesitate on that account, but, from the nature of the case, we do not hear much about or from them.

If it is too severe a test of courage to ask our preachers of righteousness to talk once in a while to the criminally poor, we certainly can ask them to be a little more specific in their charges. The socialist goes so far as to assert that all private property in the means of production is wrong, and all wealth derived from these sources is criminal wealth. He, at least, has the merit of being definite in his statements, though not so rational as might be desired. The single taxer is even more definite, and considerably less irrational, when he points out that private property in land is wrong and that wealth derived from

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that source is criminal wealth. It does take a certain amount of courage to make either of these definite attacks, because they hit real individuals.

Every one, in a general way, disapproves of the criminally rich, because no one believes himself to belong to that class. But when you assert that every receiver of ground rent belongs to that class, you are certain to hit a considerable number of real individuals, and they are certain to hit back. You may be wrong in making such an assertion and deserve all the pummelling you will get, but you will at least have shown some genuine courage. Or you may be making a great fool of yourself, as the socialist certainly does, but you will have the satisfaction of having hit somebody, though this satisfaction is lessened by the fact that those whom you hit will not take you very seriously. It would serve a much better purpose if our preachers of righteousness, instead of indulging in general attacks upon a class which has no self-conscious existence, would point out to us with some degree of particularity just what methods of acquiring wealth are moral and what are immoral or criminal. Then every man would know just where he stands, and whether he is in the possession of criminal wealth or not. Incidentally, this searching of hearts would give a new impetus to the study of economics, an impetus which is much needed, both within and without socialistic circles.

"DOMESTIC" ARCHITECTURE.

We readily admit that a man should be the architect of his own fortune; but that he should also be the architect of the house which is the external sign or symbol of that fortune, will bear debating. There are no laws save those of intelligence and honesty governing the making of one's way in the world. In architecture, as in all the arts, it is different. Here is a field of activity and expression which is governed by an elaborate system of special laws inherent in the very nature of the materials employed, and imposing themselves despotically upon the individual. In short, the very qualities that make one a good business man or financier, tend to make him a bad architect. Yet there seems to be something in the blood of the average American which convinces him that he is a born builder. The Athenian cobbler in the days of Socrates had no deeper conviction of his aptitude for the affairs of government.

The results of this attitude toward the business of house-building everywhere confront us. Our cities and country districts are crowded with houses and villas that reflect, in endless and bizarre confusion, the capricious ignorance and fantastic bad taste of their owners. Something of all this must, it is true, be attributed to the professional architects who mingle styles or invent manners of their own, in the excessive search for originality. One has, however, but to reflect upon the position held by the average architect in this country, to realize how little, after all, his responsibility amounts to, compared with that of his employer. For the former is, too often, a mere instrument in the hands of the latter. Who does not recall Silas Lapham and the miserable life he leads the young architect he employs to build his Beacon Street house? Unfortunately, we have not yet passed the Silas Lapham stage in our civilization. The architect must still consent to see his carefully constructed plans ruthlessly changed to allow for the excrescence of a porte cochère or a sleeping balcony that was not originally considered in the scheme, and that must now be added without reference to their fitness. What we want is a house for comfort, not for looks; and the American householder feels a certain glow of satisfaction whenever he can air this ancient axiom of his ineptitude.

Artist though he be, and a Beaux-Arts man into the bargain, the architect must bow to the business exigencies of his situation. His lot is hard, and the alternative with which he is confronted is humiliating to his self-respect. Either he must reject a commission when he finds that his ideas do not coincide with those of his prospective employer, or he must consent to violate the dictates of his artistic conscience. Nor does the evil end here. For if, in pursuing the latter course, he could conceal his identity, and consider his job purely in the light of a piece of hack-work, it would not be so bad. But this he cannot do. The writer may publish his novel under another name, and the painter may refuse to sign his picture. But the architect works in complete publicity, and is known by the building which he erects and which, rightly or wrongly, is taken as the expression of his personal taste. Thus a bad house or two built under duress may seriously compromise his artistic career. The minority of wealthy patrons with sound taste will pass him by. Nor can he expect his employer to shoulder the responsibility. As soon as he has discovered the extent of his own mistake, he will blame everything upon the architect with a perfectly easy conscience, since he will have paid that functionary, and, therefore, remains under no more obligation to him than to the stone-mason or the carpenter.

On the other hand, let the house be the architect's own conception in every detail, let it be successful and admired; then the proud owner will modestly admit that So-and-So is a clever young chap, who was able to supervise the work with considerable taste and intelligence, but that, of course, the whole idea of the thing was his own. On a par with this is the ordinary method of choosing an architect. One always selects his clergyman, his doctor, his banker, on the basis of recognized ability. He does not have his appendix removed by X because he was a classmate, or deposit his funds with Y because they live in the same street. But this is precisely the order of reasons that determine many in their choice of some one to build the house in which they are to live. It is some consolation to reflect that such arrangements not infrequently break friendships.

It is no wonder, in view of the existing situation, that so much of the domestic architecture in this country, however well adapted to domestic convenience, is, from an artistic point of view, beneath contempt; and that many a small city, pretty hill-town, or seaside resort is ruined as an abode of taste. To put the responsibility for this state of affairs squarely upon the individual is impossible. "What," cries the successful business man, "shall I not be allowed to build the kind of house I like, since I made the money to build it with, and since I own the land on which it is to stand? Besides, you are mistaken. I have employed the best architect in the country—a fine fellow, I knew him at college—to carry out my ideas." My ideas! Perhaps you have happened to see him reconstructing the blue-prints with a pencil, or, surrounded by his whole family, engaged in lay-

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ing out the plan of each floor on the lawn with tennis tapes, so as to determine whether the kitchen will coördinate with the dining-room through the butler's pantry, or whether Mary Jane's bathroom will be large enough to accommodate a six-foot tub. If not, in either case merely bulge out the tape to indicate a bay-window, or an ell, or move a partition, obliterating a window, and you will have solved the problem. But if the individual is not to be reached, public opinion has not yet arrived at a point where it can impose restrictions and assume authority to pass upon all plans before the builders are permitted to proceed. Perhaps in democratic America we shall never come to it, and shall have to wait until each individual is imbued with a sense of his own responsibility, and until a little diffidence and a dawning self-criticism begin to undermine the foundations of his shallow self-complacency. There are signs here and there that a humbler state of mind is slowly gaining ground. So many who built in the transition stage of their rise are obliged to live sadly, forever after, in the shadow of their magnificent failures or sordid little mistakes, that the country, as a whole, has benefited somewhat by their shame and penitence. Still, it will doubtless be long before any profound impression is made upon the boundless optimism of those who are ready to build in haste and repent at leisure.

LITERATURE AND THE WEEK-END.

The continued existence of readers who "prefer the real and living work of the great writers to the literature that perisheth" may well challenge our respectful attention. They have been discovered by a lucky Englishman who tells about them in the September *Book Monthly*. One is hardly taken by surprise to hear that among them are not many wise, not many learned, not many counted great in this world, but rather men and women who, deprived by the exacting daily routine of their work of the energy to read in the evening, "build themselves in literature a shadowy isle of bliss" in the week-end gap between toil and toil. The serious aspect of the discovery is one that concerns publishers rather than the rest of us, but perhaps we may be pardoned for suggesting some considerations that may possibly be of assistance to our over-worked literary speculators, and that, at least, can do no harm.

In the first place, we do not feel at all sure that our own week-end readers are of the class identified abroad. Indeed, we are quite certain that they are not. American publishers, therefore, have a totally different problem before them from the one that confronts their British brethren. All that the latter need do is to ascertain the best-sellers upon which the copyright has expired and which are now issued in expensive library sets for purposes merely of decoration or presentation, and put them into cheap form. But for American week-enders this would not do at all. However it may be in the outworn system of education still admired in the old country, over here we finish with the classics and governesses and marbles and short dresses together. As we become men and women, we demand the hereditary right of reading what is suited to men and women instead of what a hundred preceding generations have thought was suited. And in this spirit of independence, none, we are sure, are more firmly set than our week-enders.

The most valuable hint which we can give our American publishers in reference to reaching this unconventional class of readers, now for the first time in the entire history of literature distinctly marked off and analyzed, is to consider the nature of the week-end itself. Tell me how you spend your week-end, and I will tell you what you are, is as true as if it had been solemnly uttered by some ancient sage to his wondering disciples. It is when one is at play that he reveals his real self. His work may or may not be of his choosing; his play is his own. Now, the American week-ender has never shown any marked predilection for spending his bit of leisure seriously. What he seems to want is simply some way of keeping his mind too busy to think. And while he may use his brief holidays in rushing over the roads in a motor-car or through the water in a motor-boat or in the excesses of a house-party in what his host calls the country, still we think that he will not fail to warm up to reading of the right kind. Just what that is, we cannot presume to say. We can, however, as we gladly do, give the opinion of what we take to be an authority in matters of this nature. We quote from the advertisement of one of our literary publications which we judge to be especially adapted to satisfy the literary cravings of the typical week-ender: "Every month we must find from fifteen to twenty of the greatest stories written. For any masterpiece in fiction we will outbid all others. We want thrilling stories. We want heart-touching stories. We want adventure stories. Every month we must fill 192 pages with such masterly stories and pictures." A few magazines like this, a package of books on the same order, and, we dare to believe, all but our most voracious book-devourers might be fairly satisfied once every seven days.

At the same time one's mind reverts to those other week-end readers in their prosaic English cottages. For them the breathing-space means no change of scene, no relief from the grinding restrictions of their humble lot. The whole extent of their recreation is a walk through highly-cultivated fields and a pilgrimage through the familiar pages of some thick volume. Here they lose themselves and the consciousness of their lowly condition in the gorgeous pageantry of the Elizabethan revels at Kenilworth, the varied doings at Castlewood, the curious mysteries of the Interpreter's House, the quaint simplicity of Wakefield, the stirring words of Latimer at Oxford, the capricious occurrences in the wood of Arden or in that near Athens, the assembly, one memorable night, in the Tabard, or, finally, in that last, tense moment on the swollen Floss. How poor they are! What is a week-end to them? And yet it was just for them that Stratford gave her greatest, that Caxton cut his magic wand, that Avon made quiet music, and Camelot and Colchis and Mandalay were built in the near or the long ago. Let them have their harmless outings in these out-of-the-way paths. Few will disturb them in their enjoyment of what may easily come to be, to their untravelled experience, the richest portion of the great world.

ITALIAN FICTION AND OTHER BOOKS.

FLORENCE, September 16.

Few recent Italian novels have been so much discussed as Enrico Corradini's "La Patria lontana" (Milan: Treves). It is unquestionably a remarkable book; but the interest it has aroused is perhaps more due to its political ideas than to its qualities as a work of fiction. The

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leading note is Italian nationalism, and the book appears at a moment when nationalism in Italy is in everybody's thoughts, and when a reaction against the socialistic and international cosmopolitanism of the past few years is in full swing. The story is of Pietro Buondelmonti, a young Italian writer of strong nationalist views, who after failing to convert the Italian crowds from socialism goes to Brazil to keep alive the feelings of Italian patriotism among the emigrants. Interwoven with the account of his propaganda is the story of a love intrigue neither very elevating nor very interesting. Most of the characters, however, are well drawn, and the Brazilian *milieu* and the tropical atmosphere are admirably suggested. We should have preferred a more detailed picture of the life of the Italian emigrant in Brazil. We have, to be sure, occasional glimpses of it, vivid and genuine, and Signor Corradini has published some good newspaper articles on the subject; but he has missed his opportunity of presenting a finished picture. An interesting episode is the conversion of Giacomo Rummo, an Italian socialist journalist, of bourgeois origin, as indeed are nearly all the socialist leaders in Italy, who has been imbued with a theoretical but genuine enthusiasm for what he believes to be the elevation of the working classes, but is really nothing more than a propaganda of class hatred and social violence. He hates and despises Buondelmonti for his principles, but when he finds his adversary lying at death's door, wounded by the husband of the woman he (Buondelmonti) loves, he becomes his devoted nurse, and the patient's influence, as he gradually recovers, wins over the ardent demagogue. The story ends with the declaration of war between Italy and a neighboring empire, and the enlisting of volunteers among the Italian emigrants, including Rummo, to go and fight the enemy. The book is by no means without faults, especially as regards technique; but it breathes throughout a sense of strong patriotism. The style is curious, almost Biblical at times, at others rough and unpolished, but always simple and direct.

With Italy's immense variety of local types, dialects, and customs, one would expect the provincial novel to flourish, and several authors have indeed won fame by describing scenes and characters of some particular district. Of these Grazia Deledda is one of the best known, and she now brings forth a new tale of Sardinian life, "Il nostro Padrone" (Milan: Treves). The story is not cheerful; it tells of two ill-assorted couples in the little town of Nuoro, in one of which the husband is a time-expired convict who had been condemned for murdering a brutal stepfather, and has become a religious mystic, and the wife is a pretty, light-hearted girl, much his junior, whom he had been driven to marry by her virago mother. She had early fallen in love with Bruno, the Tuscan woodman, who had married Marielene, the discarded mistress of a rich lumber merchant, because she had money. The affection remains purely Platonic, and ends with the death of Bruno. The idea of the book is that everything depends on Providence (*Il nostro Padrone* is the Deity), and that, whatever we may do or wish to do, we are in his hands to be fashioned as he wills. But by adopting this theory the author feels entitled to disregard the necessity for any logical sequence of events, and the story drags on, the incidents succeeding each other without any obvious connection. Everything is gloomy and uncomfortable, and we see nothing of the usually attractive and joyous side of Sardinian life. On the whole, it is a dull book, and were it not for the picturesque scenery which is described with feeling, and the *milieu* which to most readers is novel, we doubt if it would achieve much success.

Very different and far superior is Luigi Siciliani's Calabrian story "Giovanni Francica" (Milan: Quintieri), a wonderfully vivid picture of life in that interesting country. There is no plot at all, but we really live among the people in a small Calabrian town, where we see and feel the traditions of an age-long civilization, side by side with more recent developments and the fermenting of new ideas among a primitive but highly gifted people. The author does not spare his compatriots; he displays their faults and weaknesses, their ignorance, imperfect moral sense and irresponsibility, and their lack of public spirit; but he also shows how these defects are due to centuries of misgovernment, above all to the Spanish-Bourbon domination, and he believes that the many sterling qualities of the people will come to the surface again under improved conditions. Incidentally, we see the demoralizing effects of emigration among the rural classes, in the weakening of family ties and domestic affections, which has been so striking a characteristic of South Italian society. The hero, who is the author's mouthpiece on the problem of regenerating southern Italy, is a student and a practical man at the same time, and, while awake to the difficulties of his task, is filled with an inborn love for his native province and a determination to devote his life to its regeneration. The local types are all cleverly drawn—the semi-feudal magnates, the small proprietors, the ladies with their old-fashioned views and scanty education, but admirable domestic qualities, the officials, the politicians, the peasantry. It is a book that any one who wishes to know something of life in Calabria should read, but it is marred by a certain want of taste, and several incidents of a very unsavory character might well have been omitted.

Another "provincial" novel is Virginia Guicciardi Fieschi's "Da opposte rive" (Modena: Formiggini), which takes us to central Italy, and more particularly to the province of Reggio, where the struggle between Socialism and Clericalism, or rather Christian Democracy, is the predominant note. The tone of the book is not polemical, but conciliatory, and both socialists and Catholics are exhibited in the best light. The manners and customs, scenery, and religious processions of the country are described, as well as the socialist meetings and the work of the various political organizations.

A new novelist of whom more will, I believe, be heard is Paola Stafenda. Her first attempt, "La diritta via" (Milan: Baldini & Castoldi), is a story of fashionable life in Florence, interwoven with discussions of the social question and with psychological problems. A young woman brought up among aristocratic surroundings, but of thoroughly sound feelings, Grazia Frascara, falls in love with a clever and honest, but insolent, young Southerner, who cannot find the energy to put his talents to good use, and who, although not indifferent to her, does not propose, because he does not think himself rich enough. Many others desire to marry Grazia, but she ends by bestowing her affections on the blind socialist, Giorgio Amedei, out of pity for his affliction, rather than love. He is poor and in wretched health, and although Grazia is not wholly in sympathy with his views and his circle, she adapts herself to the situation and makes his last hours happy. After his death, she retires to Fiesole, where she turns her villa into a convalescent home for the poor. There her former admirer, no longer indolent, but plunged in the vortex of local politics, comes and proposes to her; but it is too late, and Grazia refuses him, although there is a suggestion that later she may change her mind. The style is not polished and will not commend itself to purists, especially on account of the large number of foreign expressions. But Paola Stafenda's merit is her great simplicity and unaffectedness and the general tone of straightforward honesty which pervades her story.

Among new books of general literature Mario Borsa's "Il giornalismo inglese" (Milan: Treves) will prove of interest to many readers besides journalists. The author, who for twelve years has been the London correspondent of the Milan *Secolo*, gives a lucid account of the British press in all its aspects. We see how a London daily is made up, who are its makers, how its news is obtained, and what its character is. The author dwells at some length on the great importance which English editors attach to mate-

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rial accuracy and to the proper arrangement of the various items of their papers, and his tribute to the obscure, anonymous sub-editor is certainly well deserved. He is much impressed with the gentlemanly tone of most of the English papers and the courtesy and good feeling which exists among journalists, even if of opposing parties. The weekly, provincial, and colonial press are also described, and the book deals with many other matters besides journalism, expanding at times into a general essay on English manners and customs, both social and political; Signor Borsa is almost invariably accurate, readable, and not without a keen sense of humor

Another journalistic essay is Vico Mantegazza's "Agli Stati Uniti" (Milan: Treves), a volume of impressions of America. It is a collection of somewhat disconnected articles, of hardly more than ephemeral value, on such subjects as the wealth and lavishness of the upper classes, the railway system, the administration of justice, Imperialism, the South, the agricultural possibilities of Texas, etc. L. V.

REFORM AT OXFORD.

LONDON, September 17.

Whatever the faults of the University of Oxford, no one can justly accuse her of stagnation. You may say that her zeal has sometimes been reactionary, as in the case of the ecclesiastical revival known especially as "the Oxford movement," but if she has moved backward, at any rate she has moved. And in the main her tendency has been progressive.

Just now another reforming agitation is coming to a head. One of the chief agitators is the chancellor of the university, Lord Curzon of Kedleston. His predecessors in that office were little more than figureheads. They represented the university with dignity on state occasions, and were content to leave the administrative side of academic affairs to the men on the spot. But the present chancellor is what Mr. Barrie would call a "magerful" person. On laying down the responsibility of governing nearly 300,000,000 of his Majesty's subjects in the East, he found a new field for his active spirit in his election to the Oxford chancellorship. No doubt many Tory members of convocation preferred him to Lord Rosebery through supposing that, as a Conservative in politics, he would do nothing to interfere with the *status quo*. By this time they must have found out their mistake.

About sixteen months ago the new chancellor issued, under the title of "Principles and Methods of University Reform," a memorandum which proposed several sweeping changes. His proposals have since undergone a thorough investigation by the Hebdomadal Council, the supreme governing body of the university, which has now published its own recommendations in a volume of a hundred pages. An introduction by Lord Curzon commends it to the other administrative bodies of Oxford as "a positive and coherent plan of action" representing "a conscientious attempt to satisfy the principal existing needs of the university." It will depend on the reception given to this scheme, whether the next stage in reform will be completed by the spontaneous action of Oxford herself, or whether the outside pressure of a royal commission will once more be needed.

The main object of the recent proposals is to accelerate the liberalizing process which has made such a notable advance during the last half-century. One necessary means to this end is the modification of the present administrative machinery. In certain notorious instances a crowd of country parsons and country squires, entirely out of touch with modern educational conditions, has outvoted in convocation the men whose daily experience of work at Oxford has made them alive to the need of readjustments. There is now proposed a reconstitution of the governing bodies of the university which will increase the power of the actual teaching staff, and will secure that, in the case of its practically unanimous concurrence in favor of any new statute, the mass of Oxford men who have long since "gone down" shall have no authority to interfere.

Of more general interest is the desire of the reformers to widen the constituency from which Oxford draws her students. In one sense Oxford and Cambridge are the most democratic institutions in England. There are no places in the world—not even Kansas or Nebraska—where distinctions of rank and wealth count for less. In the miscellaneous comment on the establishment of the Rhodes scholarships there was nothing more amusing than the fear expressed in some quarters lest the "aristocratic spirit" of Oxford should corrupt the democracy of young Americans. Alike in the lecture-room, in the examination "schools," at the Union, on the river, and in the social life of his college, an undergraduate is measured according to his own qualities, whether he be "duke's son" or "cook's son." One of the charms of Oxford is the free intermingling of men of a great variety of antecedents, to say nothing of "race, color, and previous condition of servitude." At the same time there is an inevitable limitation.

Estimates vary greatly as to the cost of a university course, for one man's necessity is another man's luxury. But no one, however skilled in the art of doing without, would be well advised to enter Oxford unless he can afford to spend at least $300 a year if he is a non-collegiate student, or twice that sum if he lives in college. Scholarships and exhibitions open the way for a considerable number of impecunious lads of ability, especially among the sons of ill-paid professional men. But the door is shut against boys of the same type who are below the scholarship standard, and also against boys from the working classes, except the fortunate few whom County Council scholarships have kept at school until they have reached the academic age. On this difficult question of financial adjustment the Council has not yet given a clear lead. It has done well to reject Lord Curzon's plan for the establishment of a special Working Men's College, or College for Poor Men. Such an institution might be a college in Oxford, but it would not be an Oxford college. Another suggestion is that the present minimum cost of living in college might be reduced if the financial independence of the colleges were limited by the control of a board representing the entire university. This, however, would mean such a constitutional revolution that it scarcely deserves present consideration.

The situation in this respect would be eased if another proposal of the reforms were adopted, and a larger proportion of scholarships were allotted to non-classical subjects. This would give a better chance to clever boys from the less expensive schools of the more modern type. Closely associated with this is a proposal which is one of the most remarkable of all, as coming from a body like the Hebdomadal Council; namely, that Greek shall be made an optional instead of a compulsory subject at "Responsions." Any intelligent discussion of the pros and cons of so startling a change would require so much space that one must content oneself with a bare mention of its inclusion in the new scheme. Something is said, too, of the institution of a special commercial curriculum, with the object of attracting young men who are intended for a business career.

On the whole, the scheme of the Council has evidently been drafted with a singular freedom from narrowness and prejudice. Even a Royal Commission could hardly deal with the problem in a more public-spirited temper. While these proposals are under advisement, there are certain considerations which some friends of Oxford, not by any means obscurantists, will wish to emphasize. In the first place, no centralizing process must be permitted, however laudable its object, which will impair the vitality of the college system. The value of the present system of government at the older English universities—comparable, as is well known, to the combination of Federal and State government in America—is perhaps most highly appreciated by those who, know-

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ing Oxford or Cambridge, have had experience of the working of other systems elsewhere. Further, nothing must be done that will seriously alter the character of the contribution Oxford has traditionally made to the national life. To regard a university as a shop for the sale of universal knowledge, is bad educational science as well as bad etymology.

The application to Oxford of the department-store theory of the functions of a university would nowadays be the less excusable, inasmuch as the institution of the newer English universities has made admirable provision for both training and research in technical subjects. It would be the height of folly for Oxford to attempt to rob Leeds of its students of leather industries or Birmingham of its students of the chemistry of brewing. One may doubt even whether in an attempt to prepare directly for the daily tasks of the "city man" she will quite be turning her resources and opportunities to the most profitable account. In her eagerness to disclaim Matthew Arnold's description as the "home of lost causes and forsaken beliefs," Oxford must beware lest she forfeit her title to the boast that she has never given herself to the Philistines. "Steeped in sentiment" she may still lie, and yet continue to mould, as she has done for generations, the minds and characters of the men on whom England has depended for leadership in affairs of church and state alike.

At this moment, many of the most influential men in both Houses of Parliament, in the permanent civil service both at home and in India, and in journalism, are men who bear the stamp of Oxford, and especially of the training they received in her honors course of Litteræ Humaniores—a course that is by no means confined to the interpretation of classical texts, but includes fruitful studies in history, philosophy, and literature.

The familiar statement that Oxford trains the governing classes of England is sometimes misunderstood to mean simply that she controls the adolescent years of the scions of the big houses. It really means far more. Among her alumni are not only the Cecils, the Greys, the Curzons, and the Brodricks, but the Morleys, the Bryces, the Asquiths, the Milners—men who "come up" from undistinguished homes and unfashionable schools and are fitted by her discipline to play a great part on a larger stage.

The "scrapping" of the old apparatus is not without peril when the possible surrender of such a treasure as the traditional Oxford *ethos* is involved. The new lamps may tempt the eye with the brighter sheen of their metal, but some of the old lamps have not yet been excelled for the steadiness and clearness of their flame. H. W. H.

Correspondence.

MR. ROOSEVELT AND SWEET REASONABLENESS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I wish to call your attention to what appears to me to be the unfortunate spirit which the *Nation* has recently displayed in dealing with certain speeches of Mr. Roosevelt, notably in an editorial last week, entitled "Whither is Roosevelt Drifting?" There are many men in this country upon whom the spectacle presented by our present social and economic conditions has produced and continues to produce a profound impression. This country is in name, at least, a democracy "dedicated" in Lincoln's phrase to the belief that all men are created free and equal. What such institutions mean has been beautifully expressed by Mr. Lowes Dickinson in his "Justice and Liberty." Human institutions, he says, make or mar the fate of man:

> For they are the channels to carry the sacred fire when it springs, to foster or smother, to husband or to waste it, to lead it to a million exits, lambent and bright and gay, or to choke and obstruct it, or let it idly escape, to waste its heat and light where none can profit. And human institutions, all through history, have thwarted rather than aided the conjuncture of genius with chance. From the beginning the mass of men have shared the fate of brutes. They have been slaves and serfs, as now they are wage-laborers. Whatever fire may have slept in their souls, it has found no channel of hope, of opportunity or of ambition, to guide it to the place where it may serve. Not only the caprice of nature, but also the stupidity or iniquity of man has intercepted the currents, the shock of whose meeting is an idea. From before the dawn of history the faculties of the human race have been stunted and thwarted and repressed by the customs and laws under which they have lived. That heavenly visitant, the "chance," has knocked in vain at gates bolted and barred by poverty, servility, and fear. Human institutions have sealed the reservoir of the human spirit. Only here and there a jet escaping from an unguarded aperture has hinted at the huge force impotently pent within.

Whether or not the ideal of such a democracy has any chance to be realized or is a mere vision to be regarded as beautiful but hopelessly impossible, depends upon what our attitude of mind toward that ideal is or can be made to be. If no appreciable body of men care for such an ideal, or can in the future be made to care for it, it cannot be realized. Whatever is done or said or written to make men desire it with all their hearts and with all their souls helps by so much to bring it about. No one who contemplates the grinding toil, which amounts to virtual slavery, of the millions of our wage-earners to-day, and sees how utterly our institutions have failed to realize this ideal, can doubt that there is no work comparable in importance to the work of changing all this. To make this change, it is quite as important that the "ancestral blindness" of the so-called upper classes should be lifted from their eyes as that the so-called lower classes should be restrained from employing hasty and ill-considered and disastrous panaceas. If half the people in this country who have more wealth than is good for them could be induced to believe, heart and soul, in the worth of our ideal democracy, what practical results toward that end could we not reach? The problem is how to make them see it. It is the rich who need conversion quite as much as the poor.

Now I find fault with your article because it is more concerned with showing inconsistencies in Mr. Roosevelt's previous statements (an easy but a useless feat, for, thank Heaven, we all grow) than with a serious and broad-minded discussion of the vast extension of governmental functions which Mr. Roosevelt says he thinks is necessary. It is not a very impressive argument, it seems to me, to say that the "average American" would pooh pooh Mr. Roosevelt's notions if presented in the abstract, even if such an argument were now true or likely to remain true, which may well be doubted. May not the fact that Mr. Roosevelt's hold on the "people" is so strong, be itself significant to prove that the Rooseveltian views are really and vitally and not apparently entertained by the "average American"? Perhaps—who knows?—it may be the *Zeitgeist* again at work quite as much on the "average American" as upon Mr. Roosevelt himself. And if that is so, would it not be more—let me say, effective, if your editorials should proceed to explain by some method more nearly approaching sweet and convincing reasonableness why Mr. Roosevelt's proposals to broaden the functions of the central government and so to approach the ideal which we all cherish are so preposterous and likely to do such "immeasurable mischief"?

The attitude which I criticise is well described by Mr. Lowes Dickinson's professor, when he says:

> Well, it seems to me—I don't know whether I exaggerate—that all the possessing classes, financiers, capitalists, manufacturers, lawyers, professional men, in political issues are singularly uninstructed and unimaginative; that they are as blind to the great equity as they are tenacious of the little, as unintelligent of the whole movement and onward sweep of society as they are intelligent of those little ripples on its surface, wars and crises, out of which they make their gains and losses. And seeing, in that immense phenomenon called Socialism, which is as much the essence of our age as Liberalism was of the last, nothing but the greed of the poor, the folly of sentimentalists, or the wickedness of adventurers; camping on their possession, like Fafner on the hoard, in reliance on that enchanted ring, established law and fact; they may indeed, by sheer obstruction, provoke a revolution, in the sense of disturbance, disaster, and ruin for them and for all society.

I am not a Socialist. I do not approve altogether of Mr. Roosevelt's views. I do not think he lays enough stress upon the necessity that men should make themselves honest rather than that they should be prevented by law from being dishonest. And many of his remarks about the wealthy can hardly be thought to show a sweet reasonableness. But these are his personal limitations. It is because I think he is a practical man who sees the cruel muddle of a society in which so many of us are hopelessly wallowing, and cares about it, that I admire him. I gravely doubt the wisdom of trying at the present time to realize by the extension of Federal powers the ideal of the Osawatomie speech—sound as that ideal certainly is. But its impossibility of attainment is quite as much due to the narrow and unfair attitude of mind in which many men who could give powerful aid approach this whole subject, as to any other cause. That attitude of mind, it seems to me, is just exactly what your

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editorial article is adapted to foster, and it is because I hate to see it spread, especially through your agency, that I regret the tone of your article.

FRANKLIN T. HAMMOND.

Boston, September 19.

THE RIGHT TO PROPERTY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of September 15 you speak of permitting people to gain money only so long as the gaining is a benefit to the community, and to retain it only if honorably obtained and well used, as moonshine. You infer that nine out of ten Americans do not believe in such a limitation to the acquisition and retention of wealth. Is it not possible that the mad rush for money is the cause of our national unrest? What will our country come to unless a halt is called? Where can we get a better principle to govern our gains than that which you censure?

H. C. CALDWELL.

Ridgeland, Wis., September 17.

IDIOM VS. GRAMMAR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: M. Ferdinand Brunot of the University of Paris, in his comprehensive "Histoire de la Langue Française," gives an interesting history of *c'est moi* and similar locutions (Vol. II, 154), which, up to the publication of Ramus's grammar in 1572, were condemned by the grammarians. Ramus himself in the first edition (1562) was content to follow tradition. Of this work Brunot remarks:

C'est ainsi que Ramus condamne, après Meigret [1550], les tours *c'est moi, c'est nous,* pour *ce suis-je, ce sommes nous.*

In commenting on the edition of this grammar issued ten years later Brunot remarks:

Parmi les secondes [corrections notables], on peut remarquer un changement complet de doctrine au sujet des tours *c'est moi, c'est toi,* que Ramus, entraîné d'abord par Meigret, avait commencé par condamner.

It is interesting to note the ground on which Ramus justifies his change of doctrine:

Selon le jugement de Platon, Aristote, Varron, Ciceron, le peuple est souverain seigneur de sa langue. . . . Lescolle de ceste doctrine n'est point es auditoires des professeurs Hebreus, Grecs et Latins en luniversité de Paris comment pensent ces beaux etymologiseurs, elle est au Louvre, au Palais, aux Halles, en Greue, à la place Maubert.

And he adds:

Et si quelque grammarien vouloit despouiller nostre langue de tels ornemens, *Est-ce moy? Est-ce toy? C'est moy, C'est toy,* ce seroit comme desgainer lespee luy tout seul à l'encontre de toute la France.

"The allusion to the master whom he abandons," says Brunot, "is evident."

An exact parallel to the history of this change of construction in French is seen also in Danish. Professor Jespersen ("Progress in Language") says:

But even where there is no inducement of that kind to use *me,* this form will occur after *it is* by the same linguistic process that has led in Danish to the exclusive use of *det er mig,* where some centuries ago the regular expression would have been *det er jeg.*

That a similar change is now taking place in our own language must be evident to all who read with an observant eye. Professor Sweet of Oxford, an acknowledged authority, says in his "Primer of Spoken English," representing the speech of the educated class of London and around:

The nominative *I* is only used in immediate agreement with a verb; when used absolutely *me* is substituted for it by the formal analogy of *he, we, she,* which are used absolutely as well as independently: *it's he, it's me; who's there? me.*

It may be said in passing that in a later work ("New English Grammar") he explains the objective forms as due to position after the verb. "It is only the influence of ignorant grammarians," he says, "that prevents such phrases as *It is me* from being acknowledged in the grammars." Alford ("Queen's English," 1889) says:

It is me is an expression which every one uses. Grammarians (of the smaller order) protest; schoolmasters (of the lower kind) prohibit and chastise; but English men, women, and children go on saying it.

Grammarians of the higher type simply record the usage—which is all the grammarian can do—as a fact of language: "Objective forms used as [predicate] nominatives" is Maetzner's way of putting it.

That this usage is extending among cultivated speakers and writers is plainly evident. President Roosevelt, in his Asheville, N. C., speech (see Smith's "Studies in English Syntax"), said: "The government is us, you and I; we are the government." Now imagine the Colonel of the Rough Riders saying "the government is we"! It is too weak, even for the man who is not like Frederick the Great *supra grammaticam.* So, too, Dr. Lyman Abbott, who is not a rough rider, writes in the *Outlook* (April 30): "She looked out through the eyes, but the eyes were not her; she spoke through the lips, but the lips were not her." Translated into "grammatical" English, it would read: "She looked out through the eyes, but the eyes were not she; she spoke through the lips, but the lips were not she." It is presumed Dr. Abbott knew what he was doing when he wrote what he did.

Some months ago I published in the *Nation* (February 24) a brief defence of the harmless idiom (*it's me*), citing examples of its use from Emerson, Tennyson, Browning, Shelley, Byron, and Thackeray. Newspaper critics, far and wide, took up the cudgel. One critic maintained that Emerson in the line,

So like the soul of me! What if 'twere me?

and Shelley in the line,

Be thou, spirit fierce, my spirit! Be thou *me,* impetuous one!

were simply guilty of a solecism, of a violation of the laws of language. He failed to say who makes the laws of language. The prevailing idea seemed to be that our speech came down from heaven, amid the thunders of Sinai, as it were, ready-made, a fixed and perfect form, and that it behooved all good men to guard its purity. Another critic saw in it an ethical question and feared that a schoolboy who began by breaking the rules of the diagram might go on from bad to worse and end by committing the crime of whistling in the presence of an elderly gentleman or keeping his seat when a lady entered the room. In general, the protests reminded me of a "Protest against Darwinism" I read more than a quarter of a century ago, beginning thus: "The Bible says, as everybody knows, and as Mr. Darwin ought to know, that——" In short, the diagrammarian's attitude of mind towards the facts of language is that of the theologian rather than that of the scientist, who believes with Josh Billings that it isn't ignorance that does the most harm; it's knowing so much that isn't so.

In a recent number of the *Nation* (April 7) the writer of an article entitled "Confessions of a Professor" remarks:

Readers in university communities, East and West, will find themselves testifying to his representativeness by exclaiming, "That's our college through and through," "That's I" or "me," according to their grammatical faith.

Now it is certain no Englishman of the educated class would say, "That's I." There is here, however, a class of people to whom the school grammar is authority, in whose eyes "That's me" is a diagrammatical sin, the class of the half-educated who with an air of superiority say of-ten, a-pron, i-ron, fore-head, heav-en, pret-ty, and invariably give the dev-il more than his due.

Usually, *it is I, it is she,* etc., are by all odds preferable, and to know when to use the one form and when the other is a mark of a high degree of literary culture. A living language is all the time undergoing change, and the makers of usage are not the makers of text-books. This is the lesson of philology, well known to all whose opinions count in matters linguistic. It is as true to-day as when Montaigne wrote it: "Those that will combat use and custom by the strict rules of grammar do but jest."

EDWARD A. ALLEN.

Columbia, Mo., September 20.

POETICAL PHYSIOGNOMY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a recently published essay Prof. William C. Wilkinson takes the poets to task for neglecting the human nose.

The poet has ever been ready to sing the praises of his loved one's eyes; he has not been overmodest in his efforts to describe the glory of her silken tresses; he has dwelt lovingly on her ruby lips, and he has put forth his best efforts in glorifying her swanlike neck. He has even paid tribute to her feet that, like little mice, peep in and out beneath her petticoat; and has not overlooked her ear; but he has, according to Professor Wilkinson overlooked her nose.

Nor has the poet, the essayist assures us, been negligent concerning the maiden's nose alone. He has ignored the manly proboscis, also. Why is this? Professor Wilkinson attempts to explain why the nose ought to figure in poetry. In his touching tribute to the nose he says:

Sweet scents are as poetical as sweet sights or sweet sounds. Fragrance is as much at home with the poet, as is music, or the beauty of the eye. The nose is as good a mark as any feature on the face of high blood. The nose, in fact, is the very elect feature of all for the expression of aristocratic emotions. Do we not turn up our noses, pray, when we wish to gesticulate our disdain? The nose is as supercilious as the eyebrows, for all that we derive our adjective "supercilious" from the proud Roman name for that latter feature.

We shall not attempt here to build up

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a defence for the poet, but we insist that the case, generally speaking, is not as bad as it has been made out. The manly nose has not been altogether neglected by the poets. Has Professor Wilkinson forgotten that good old poem by Holmes, in which we are told that

> He had a Roman nose
> And his cheek was like a rose
> In the snow?

And, furthermore, that

> Now his nose is thin
> And it rests upon his chin
> Like a staff?

If Professor Wilkinson will look carefully, he may find that other poets have paid tribute to the nose. In fact, we are haunted even now by the lines of one of our modern poets, who candidly declares:

> I kissed her near the woodshed
> And also 'neath the nose.

J. H. ROCKWELL.

Springfield, Ill., September 21.

Literature.

BANCROFT AND THE CHURCH.

The Reconstruction of the English Church. By Roland G. Usher. Two volumes, ix, 423; vi, 426. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $6 net.

The title of this book will probably convey to but few people a correct idea of the limits of the subject with which it deals. It is virtually a history of the Church of England during the last twenty years of the reign of Elizabeth and more particularly during the first seven of that of James, into which is woven a biography of Richard Bancroft, who, as High Commissioner, Bishop of London, and Archbishop of Canterbury successively, was mainly responsible for the final definition of the position of the Anglican establishment in that period, and for the various contemporaneous improvements in the government and internal administration thereof. Bancroft's figure, in fact, is made to stand out so prominently through the entire work, and so many episodes in his life (*e. g.*, his embassy to Embden in 1600) irrelevant to an ecclesiastical history are introduced, that one wonders sometimes whether Dr. Usher did not start out to write a biography of this cleric, and afterwards change over to a larger field. Many readers, moreover, will doubtless question his wisdom in confining "the Reconstruction of the English Church" within the years 1583 and 1610, and demand either that he should begin his story earlier and carry it later, or else that he should change his title. We do not wish to press the point, though we fancy that biographers of Whitgift and of Laud, if not of Abbot, will be tempted to do so, as will possibly some of the ecclesiastical historians of the period of the Restoration.

The work falls naturally into three main divisions, or "books," entitled respectively "Preparation for Reconstruction"; "Reconstruction"; and "The Vindication of Reconstruction." The first contains a careful survey of the internal condition of the English church at the time of the appointment of Bancroft to the Bishopric of London (1597), and a thorough analysis of its past relations with Catholics and Puritans. Two excellent chapters describe the efforts of Bancroft during the last six years of the reign of Elizabeth to split the English Catholics into two parties—Jesuits and Seculars—so as to emancipate the latter from the control of the former, and make unified Catholic action against the English church impossible. The first book closes with discussions of the chaotic and nebulous condition in which the administrative constitution of the Elizabethan church had, almost purposely, been left, of the condition of the English clergy, and of the attitude of the people toward the church at the time of the accession of King James.

The kernel of the work is to be found in book ii, "Reconstruction," which covers the years 1604 and 1605 (Bancroft became Archbishop of Canterbury in 1604), and more especially in the chapters on the Canons of 1604, which followed as a result of the Hampton Court conference. These canons are described (Vol. I, pp. 401-2) as marking "an epoch in the history of the English church comparable with the divorce of Catherine of Aragon, with the passage of the Elizabethan Act of Supremacy, and with the reform of the ecclesiastical courts under William IV and Victoria. They placed the church in a new position, and although many of their provisions are now obsolete, many have been modified by process of time, by statute, or by episcopal regulation, the constitution of the church is to-day practically as Bancroft left it." They were:

> the sum of the administrative experience and wisdom of the Elizabethan Church with not a little of the heritage of the pre-reformation episcopate. Bancroft's was the mind which selected from the confused bundle of past experience the precepts which were really golden. . . . The expulsion of the Puritans from the Church, and the refusal of their doctrinal and disciplinary demands has been ratified a hundred times during the last three centuries in the hearts of the great majority of Englishmen. Bancroft's administrative regulations for the parish and diocesan officials and for the ecclesiastical courts, were found adequate for most purposes until the nineteenth century. He was instrumental in preserving intact the liturgy of Cranmer, and the Thirty-Nine Articles, and played no small part in the preparation of that masterpiece of literature and scholarship, the King James Version of the Bible.

Whether or not Dr. Usher's estimate of the paramount importance of these canons in the development of the English church, will be generally accepted, it would be hazardous to prophesy. Certainly he makes out a strong case. But, after all, were not the Canons of 1604 merely one of a long series of readjustments to existing conditions, particularly noteworthy, indeed, because evolved contemporaneously with great changes, and exceptionally successful, no doubt, because the product of a mind which, with a rare grasp of present necessities, coupled a deep comprehension of English conservatism and aversion to gratuitous innovations?

The third book, "The Vindication of Reconstruction," has considerably less unity than its predecessors, chiefly, doubtless, because of the variety of topics that came up for consideration during the last five years of Bancroft's archiepiscopate. The Catholic problem once more sprang into prominence owing to the Gunpowder Plot and the imposition of the Oath of Allegiance. These events, joined with the continued efforts of the archbishop to foster strife between Jesuits and Seculars, resulted in enormous gains to the Establishment from the ranks of the more moderate Catholics; and the presence in the church of an increasing number of quasi-converts from Romanism exercised a perceptible effect on its theological beliefs, and paved the way for "that alliance of Catholic and Episcopalian . . . which was so conspicuous a factor in the civil war." Internal administrative improvements, efforts to augment ecclesiastical livings (which had fallen so low since the middle of the fifteenth century, owing chiefly to agrarian and economic changes, that their inadequacy had become perhaps the most vital problem of reconstruction), the establishment of bishops in Scotland, the attacks on the High Commission, and the struggles with the common law which Bancroft's championing of the cause of the ecclesiastical courts had served to arouse, are the other chief topics which are taken up. The last chapter summarizes briefly the "Results of Reconstruction": it does not claim for Bancroft as large a share of glory and accomplishment as some of the earlier pages might have led us to expect, and thus leaves an excellent final impression of moderation and restraint. There are several valuable appendices, of which the most important contain a list of the precedents for the Canons of 1604, and other ecclesiastical orders and instruments of Bancroft's time, and a hitherto unpublished account of the Hampton Court Conference, which in some respects surpasses that with which Gardiner has familiarized us. A critical bibliography and index complete the work.

The merits of Dr. Usher's book are great and obvious. It is based on laborious and thorough research in all available sources, both manuscript and

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print; it brings to light much new material, and utilizes much old material in new ways; it is, so far as we can judge, absolutely impartial—the saneness of the verdicts on all points at issue between the Puritans and the Establishment being especially noteworthy. It is unquestionably one of the most important contributions to English ecclesiastical history which modern scholarship has produced. The author has taken nothing for granted, and accepts no statements of previous writers without verification: indeed, he is almost too prone to act upon the dictum of one of the most distinguished teachers in this country, that the first thing the historical student of to-day must learn is "to doubt." Sometimes the conclusions which he maintains in opposition to older verdicts are not sufficiently well proved to carry conviction; and those persons (and they are many) who are naturally predisposed to think that the iconoclast must necessarily be right, should be warned to subject Dr. Usher to the same scrutiny to which he has subjected his predecessors. His map showing the distribution of Catholic laymen (Vol. I, p. 135), for instance, can never be regarded as indicating more than the impressions concerning that topic of one well versed in the history of the period: any serious student of the reign of Elizabeth might make one equally well worthy of credence. Nor is the quotation from Rivers (Vol. I, p. 178) sufficient ground for attributing the authorship of Harsnet's "Egregious Popish Impostures" to Bancroft, unless more evidence can be produced to corroborate it. And some of Dr. Usher's generalizations (which are too numerous to refer to in detail) can be challenged even more readily than his specific statements.

The book is much too long, and its excessive length is to be almost solely attributed to its redundancy. Instances of this fault appear on almost every page: some statements of fact are repeated half a dozen times in the course of the book, and frequently the same idea is twice conveyed in a single clause, as, *e. g.*, "The kirk north of the Tweed" (Vol. II, p. 154). The whole story could have been adequately told in a single volume. Even worse than this is the author's irritating habit of constantly hammering in the fact that his topic is difficult, that he has worked hard at it, that he is trying to give both sides their due, etc.; this obtrusive self-consciousness is most unfortunate, and it is sincerely to be hoped that Dr. Usher will learn that his many merits will speak for themselves. His style is at times excellent; often he relieves the tedium of administrative history with a touch of humor or a well-selected quotation. On other occasions he is very slovenly, as in the following (Vol. I, p. 281): "He knew . . . that the clergy was poverty-stricken to the last degree, and that therefore, where they were not ignorant, were pluralists and non-resident"; and sometimes positively incorrect, as "the amelioration of ecclesiastical incomes, and the consequent improvement in the character and learning of the clergy, was really effected," etc. (Vol. II, p. 269). Minor inaccuracies in the text are few; unfortunately, it is impossible to say the same for the index, which, though well analyzed, is also somewhat inadequate.

We have dealt much in criticism, the more so because we feel that Dr. Usher is a scholar of such promise that he is amply able to bear it. He has labored diligently and effectively in this field for the past eight years, and had already achieved some distinction as an authority upon it, before the present book saw the light. Those who are familiar with his earlier writings will gladly recognize that he has grown enormously, both in grace and in learning since he began. We look confidently for still further improvement in his future work.

CURRENT FICTION.

Rest Harrow. By Maurice Hewlett. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

At the close of this chapter of the Senhouse-Sanchia romance, we are well content to take leave of that eccentric pair for good and all. Our patience with them has worn rather thin: a sickly flavor has thrust itself more and more unmistakably through the insistent piquancy of their relation. The famous episode of young Sanchia in the puddle is enlarged upon, harped upon, to the point of nausea. We are not permitted to lose for a moment the vision of that supreme proof of feminine magnanimity. One of the oddest passages in the present instalment of the tale is that in which Senhouse and his disciple and fellow-adorer, Glyde, chant responsively the glories of that memorable scene: "She was in white—white as a cloud," intones Senhouse, "——and in a wood. Her hair reflected gold of the sun. She pinned her skirts about her waist, and put her bare foot into a pool of black water. She sank in it to the knee. She did not falter; her eyes were steady upon what she did." "She could never falter in her purpose," the other celebrant takes up the strain. "She bared herself to the thighs. She went into the pool thigh-deep." Before we have done with the small exploit, we fairly begin to suspect that there must have been something odd about it. Even godlike innocence may be too much protested. So, as time passes, we find it increasingly difficult to join heartily in Senhouse's rhapsodical worship, with its symbols and its rites. There is a time for that mood in which the youthful lover adores his mistress as a superhuman being, and, as it were, wallows in the sense of his own unworthiness. But that time is short in normal cases. When Senhouse permits his life (his inner life, at least) to be ruled by such a mood for a matter of ten years, the situation becomes mawkish. He has, in short, the species of asceticism which is based upon a refinement of sensuality. If he were more healthy-minded, he would not make so much of Sanchia's mystical purity. And (Mr. Hewlett's protestations to the contrary), if he were less self-conscious, he would take care to be less extraordinary in habit and dress. Self-consciousness, for that matter, is the source of Mr. Hewlett's own weakness—as well as of his vogue. For the rest, a morbid sensitiveness to the current taste is evident in so small a matter as his choice of physical types. The day of the big blond hero is eclipsed for the nonce: we are all for the lean and swarthy. Two other persons in this narrative share these bodily traits with Senhouse—Glyde, the young gardener-poet, whose rôle might be labelled that of the sub-hero, and Prince Morosine, designing Pole and secondary villain. As if by way of recompense, the most wholesome and delightful person in the story, Mr. William Chevenix, is rosy and blue-eyed; but then, nobody is in danger of falling in love with him.

The Cradle of a Poet. By Elizabeth Godfrey. New York: John Lane Co.

Some of our readers will recall a book by this writer published two or three years ago—"The Winding Road," a story whose distinction lay in its feminine sensitiveness and earnestness. The present tale is by no means thrilling. The progress of the narrative is hampered by many pages of description plainly indulged in for its own sake, and of dialogue which is less the speech of human beings than the assigned utterances of puppets in the hands of a self-conscious showman. But the people are better than their talk. The author seems to have felt more than she could convey; it is clear, at all events, that she has not invented them in cold blood. Noel Harmon is that poet-hero who appeals so strongly to the minor novelists of this material age. He is the son of a quarryman in the old English village of "Stonedge." For generations the Harmons have been Freemen of the Company of Marblers—one of the few really surviving guilds in England. The father of Noel is himself a man of imagination, and has had his own dreams of poetic achievement in youth; but has denied himself the necessary training in order to be true to his inherited trust, the prosperity of the ancestral quarries. To Noel, more by fate than the father's will, come education and travel and the experience need-

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ed to strengthen him for his great task. In the end, his powers are confirmed by a return to the life of his fathers, and by reunion with the maiden who in boyhood he had loved and lost. For her part, she is that priestess of the new art of dancing who is now so frequently figuring in the novel of the hour. Harmon's rediscovery of her as a famous American dancer, with the minute description of her feats behind the footlights, is already a familiar device in our fiction. But, as we have suggested, the attraction of the book lies in the sweetness and simplicity of its mood—such a mood as has made the stories of Mrs. De la Pasture refreshing to ears wearied with the petulance of the ultra-modern novel.

The Rod of Justice. By Alice and Claude Askew. New York: Brentano's.

The authors of "The Shulamite" have here reverted to the field which they formerly found so profitable, but their present venture shows a pitiable paucity of invention, only emphasized by the violence of expression with which a vain attempt has been made to galvanize some very dry bones. The story is one of those which are supposed to thrill the reader by exhibiting the Primal Passions at close range; if this be well done, the thrill is actual enough, but "The Rod of Justice" is one of the lamentably many instances where one is only wearied by the shriekings of a coarse hysteria. The plot is of the tritest, and the South African setting has not sufficient novelty to hold the interest alone. The characters are well-worn marionettes, whose strings become quite arbitrarily and needlessly tangled, and whose adventures and misadventures are recounted with a wealth of physical detail that fails to disguise the painted wood despite its insistence on the too, too solid flesh. Of the making of books there is no end, but is the supply not already great enough without swelling it by such a pathetic waste of time and paper as this, which is too bad even to be funny?

Half in Earnest. By Muriel Hine. New York: John Lane Co.

Reaction is the law of life, and the pendulum of public opinion has swung from the gospel of extreme individualism to that of social service. Miss Hine holds a strong and interesting brief for the modern point of view in this book, the keynote of which is struck in a preliminary quotation from Marcus Aurelius: "That which is not for the interest of the whole swarm is not for the interest of the single bee." The plot of the story is neither new nor expertly handled—lovely woman stoops to folly and finds too late that men betray, and the artificial complications of the present instance are all too obviously introduced to garnish the old, old tragedy. The real interest of the book—and it is a very real interest—lies in the conflict of character and will between the two protagonists. The man is an egoist, who admits no law as valid save his own impulses and expediencies. The woman voluntarily sacrifices her conscience to what she regards as the higher claims of love, to find that the altar was only that of desire, and she has stooped to baseness, not risen to superhuman heights. She gives the practical fruit of her experience in her words of farewell when she realizes at last that he will not share with her the consequences of their defiance of the Law:

"Nothing can make dishonor good or find a new name for sin. . . . I do not blame you. I still believe you are honest in your professedly 'modern' beliefs. It is I who have fallen away voluntarily from the old clean views of love and honor. . . . Even if in time you should modify your views, I would never be a drag upon your life knowing that to lay but a finger upon your freedom would be to break the last bond between us. . . . For Love is not your god. Love involves sacrifice, responsibility, and, as the years roll on, the test of fidelity. The shrine you worship at is Freedom. That is your god—the figure of Liberty. . . . I give you with both hands, in memory of all our love together, what is still dearer to you—freedom."

Arms and the Maid. By Rafael Sabatini. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The 'sblood period still holds the affections of the romancer, and presumably of a considerable audience. Anthony Wilding, hero of the present tale, is one of your pale, smiling, reckless, and imperturbable gentlemen. He is a wild dog, but unexceptionable: a gambler and ruffler and rake according to the mode. He has embarked upon the ill-fated political ship of the aspiring Duke of Monmouth, and might, we gather, have brought it safe to port if he had been allowed a hand on the tiller. But the Duke fell among evil counsellors, and his enterprise came to a bad end, and Wilding, if he had not trod his path under the ægis of romance, would have died several deaths. Mad Anthony is, of course, destined for other ends, more specially to become the husband in fact, as he has long been in title, of—never mind the lady's name. There is an abundance of incident and still more of dialogue in a story which we are fain to admit, with whatever accent of faint praise, to be good of its kind. Credit is due to the incidents for their simple impossibility when preposterousness is the order, and to the dialogue for its freedom from that salt of modern slang wherewith the ordinary historical romance is salted.

PROFESSOR MAITLAND.

Frederick William Maitland, Downing Professor of the Laws of England. A biographical sketch. By H. A. L. Fisher. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.55 net.

Fisher's welcome memoir of Professor Maitland raises an interesting question: Why is it that every man who cares for the law and the history of England feels that Maitland, though his invaluable labors were cut short by premature death, will always occupy a high, even a unique, position in the English world of letters? The answer to this inquiry in the most general terms is, broadly speaking, that Maitland both formed an original and true conception of the relation between English law and the development of the English people, and was also endowed with the rare qualities needed for forcing this conception or idea upon the attention of English readers. Each of these statements needs justification.

Every man who claims a high rank among historians does so by virtue of having grasped more firmly than his predecessors some aspect of a nation's development. The discovery of unknown facts is, of course, a matter of immense value, but the power to add to historical knowledge is a very different thing from the display of historical genius. The best and most trustworthy of moralists falls very far short of the attainment of the highest historical fame. A real historian is the man who elucidates bygone events, and drives home new and true ideas as to the way in which one ought to regard the whole or some portion of a nation's progress. Take as illustrations of what is here meant two writers of well earned eminence, but of widely differing genius, Alexis de Tocqueville and Bishop Stubbs. Tocqueville never, to the end of his life, acquired anything like the erudition which is possessed by many German professors. But in his work on the "Ancien Régime" of France—a far more remarkable book than his "Democracy in America"—he not only revealed facts unknown to or unnoticed by other writers, but placed them in an entirely new light. Some of his conclusions are open to just criticism or censure; nevertheless, he revolutionized the discussion of the whole subject with which he deals. A possibly too severe critic of this distinguished French author has said that Tocqueville began to think long before he began to learn. It might not, perhaps, be unfair to say of Stubbs that he began to learn somewhat too long before he began to think. Historical investigation certainly with him preceded historical speculation; the keener insight into events, the larger view of life he acquired later. But this view, once obtained, he never ceased to enforce. He makes the reader see on every page that the vices and the virtues of particular

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men had a direct effect on the course of English constitutional progress.

No man entertained or expressed a more profound admiration for Stubbs than did Maitland, yet Maitland, just because he was a thinker of marked originality, developed an idea to which the learned Bishop of Oxford naturally enough had not given adequate attention, and which, more oddly, was hardly understood at all by so distinguished and so preëminently English an historian as Freeman. This idea is that the growth of law formed an important feature in the history of all civilized countries, but that it formed the essential characteristic of the history of England. English law is the most original creation of the English intellect and will be the most lasting monument of England's greatness. It is, also, as Professor Vinogradoff first revealed to Maitland, the portion of English history whereof the records are most complete, and have been the least studied. No doubt the conception of the inseparable connection between the legal ideas and the general history of England was gradually dawning upon the world before it arrested or engrossed the attention of Maitland. Yet it somehow or other had never been fully developed. His originality consisted in seizing hold of, and giving expression to, the best and newest thought of the time. Although his labors were cut short, he established once and forever that English law lies at the basis of English politics, and at the centre of the development of the English constitution.

For giving expression to the legal aspect of English history Maitland was equipped with every possible qualification. He was born with that passion for research which is a characteristic rather of the present age, and no labor daunted him. As if by instinct, he knew how to wring from the most crabbed manuscripts their real secrets. When he turned to writing history, his friends were astonished at the rapidity with which he made himself at home in the period of his particular study. His historical insight was equalled by his mastery of legal principles. The lawyer in whose chambers Maitland read for the bar pronounced him, when merely a student, "a consummate lawyer," and said that "his opinions, had he suddenly been made a judge, would have been an honor to the bench." One feels, as one reads the account of his genius, as if one had been introduced to a youth who united Eldon's profound mastery of law with Gibbon's subtle and wide knowledge of history. In Maitland we observe for once the union of talents which it is generally felt can hardly co-exist—the logic of law and the spirit of historical investigation. These were needed to reveal to Englishmen the inseparable connection between the law and the welfare of the English people.

But Maitland possessed at least one further talent which is essential to the great historian. He had the keenest insight into human nature. In his picture of the Elizabethan age are expressions which elucidate and summarize the character of the Queen and her statesmen. Some persons may have regretted that much of the last year of Maitland's life was spent in writing the biography of one of the most remarkable of his friends. The regret, if natural, was absolutely unfounded. The time bestowed upon biographical study was not long enough to have enabled Maitland to carry materially further his work of legal or historical research. The days given by him to a labor of love were not in the least thrown away. They gave to modern Englishmen a portrait of Leslie Stephen, the most honest, the best, and assuredly the best loved of English critics and thinkers. These hours of biographical labor conclusively proved that Maitland, among his many qualifications for elucidating a neglected aspect of English history, possessed to perfection that gift of personal portraiture without which no man can become a truly great historian.

Questioned Documents: A Study and Analysis of Questioned Documents with an outline of methods by which the facts may be discovered and shown. By Albert S. Osborn, with an Introduction by Prof. John H. Wigmore. Rochester, N. Y.: Lawyers' Coöperative Publishing Co. Pp. xxiv+501. $5.25.

This book is by far the most valuable contribution to the subject which has appeared in English. The effort throughout is to state as clearly and simply as possible the specific problems which face an investigator of a forgery and the methods which can be used to expose and demonstrate it. Celebrated cases and mysteries are simply used as illustrations and not for the purpose of advertisement. Any work in a legal field which bears an introduction by Professor Wigmore, author of the most scientific law book of recent times, must command respect, and this work is highly praised by Professor Wigmore in his Introduction. The chief value of the book must be for the lawyer, and yet there are many chapters which are interesting to a layman.

Any one who reads this book attentively will be convinced that the handwriting expert cannot now be omitted from any trial involving questions in regard to genuineness of documents. At the same time, no one can read the book without obtaining sufficient knowledge of what can and cannot be done by a handwriting expert to enable him to detect the pretender and charlatan. The most valuable result of this publication ought to be the improvement in the standard of the handwriting expert.

It cannot be too often asserted that the handwriting expert differs from other experts in one important respect. In the case of the handwriting expert the tribunal has before it the very material upon which his opinion is given, so that the opinion may be tested by the reasons which the expert is able to advance, whereas other experts testify not merely to their opinions, but to the facts also upon which they base them. For example, the chemical expert who has examined the stomach contents to determine whether there has been poisoning, destroys the organs in the very process of making his experiments, and his testimony must include the facts which he observed, as well as his conclusions. On the other hand, in the case of a questioned document, the document is there before the court, and the expert merely calls attention to various things which would not be observed by those who have had no experience in the matter, and upon these things he bases his conclusion. To take a specific illustration, a case which has frequently come into the courts is one where a person has obtained the signature of another and written above the signature a receipt or a note, or something of the sort, and the question to be determined is whether the note is genuine or not. In this case the signature, of course, is genuine, but if it can be shown that the writing which appears above it was written after the signature, it is a fair inference that the document was forged. In most of these cases some of the lines of the signature cross lines in the other writing. By examining these lines under a microscope it is often possible to determine which of them was written first. Experiment shows that where one line crosses another the ink from the line last written will flow over the other line in such a way as to give a characteristic appearance. When this is once called to your attention you do not miss or forget its significance, and after having examined a line under a microscope you can afterwards determine without the aid of a microscope whether it was written before or after another one. An idea of the spirit of the book may be obtained from the paragraph discussing this question. The author observes:

> As with nearly all the specific questions discussed on preceding pages, it seems necessary to say plainly that while it is true that the problem treated in this chapter can sometimes be definitely solved, it is also important to remember that under some circumstances it is impossible for anyone to tell which of two crossed lines was last made, and in every such inquiry the evidence upon which a positive opinion is based should be clear enough so that with proper assistance and instruments even an unskilled observer can see for himself. A few easy tests will expose the assumption of one who claims to be

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able to determine under any and all conditions which of two lines was last made. When one claims to see in a disputed document what, with the best assistance, judge, jury, or opposing counsel cannot see, it is safest to assume that that thing does not exist.

It is of these matters that the book treats. The methods advocated are scientific in this, that they require the observation of a great many details in the admittedly authentic work of the supposed author of a questioned document, and a comparison of these details with similar observations of the questioned document. When the divergencies are so great that they cannot be otherwise accounted for, the forgery is insisted on as a fair inference. At the same time, as the author himself says:

> Forgeries vary in perfection all the way from the clumsy effort which anyone can see is spurious, up to the finished work of the adept which no one can detect. The perfect forgery would naturally be successful, and might not even be suspected, but experience shows that the work of the forger is not usually well done and in many cases is very clumsy indeed.

Though by far the larger part of the book is devoted to questions of handwriting, other topics, such as the age of documents, ink, paper, and typewriting, are not neglected. Perhaps the most original chapter is that on typewriting. The author has devised a number of instruments for determining whether two pieces of typewriting were written on the same or different machines, and whether, if on the same machine, at the same time or different times. To-day it is possible, perhaps, to determine these questions with more certainty than similar questions in regard to handwriting.

Mr. Osborn's style has none of the graces of literature, but is in general clear and simple, although there are occasional passages where the sentences are awkwardly involved. There are a number of excellent illustrations that help to elucidate the text.

Lord Glenesk and the "Morning Post." By Reginald Lucas. New York: John Lane Co. $6 net.

This is a combined biography and history of a newspaper, in which each part suffers somewhat from the blending. We neither get as much as we should like to know about the editor, nor is the development of a feeble and struggling journal into a powerful organ of the press given us as clearly in its progressive steps as we could wish. And the author's numerous but brief excursions into contemporary history and politics further detract from the unity and movement of his book. Yet there is much of interest in the material he has brought together. Son of that Peter Borthwick who first made the *Morning Post* a serious competitor of the London *Times*, and who broke himself down with overwork and financial worry, Algernon Borthwick began his career as Paris correspondent, in which capacity he rendered service often brilliant and always painstaking. Succeeding to both editorship and proprietorship of the newspaper, he made of it a stout supporter of Tory policies. Indeed, he was more Tory than the Tories, since he clung to the doctrine of protection even after they had abandoned it, and naturally felt that the Golden Age was being led back by Joseph Chamberlain, although he died before getting even a sight of the promised land. Created Sir Algernon and afterwards Lord Glenesk for party services and for distinction in journalism, the editor of the *Morning Post* played an honorable part in his profession, was a useful member of either House of Parliament, the friend and confidant of Palmerston and Salisbury and later statesmen; but his writings quoted in this volume—mostly letters and diaries—do not show him to have been a man of commanding intellect or even of unusual political acumen.

The Islands of Titicaca and Koati. By Adolph F. Bandelier. New York: The Hispanic Society. $5 net.

For ten years, ever since Professor and Mrs. Bandelier spent so many months excavating and investigating on the shores and islands of Lake Titicaca, we have looked forward with the keenest interest to the time when the results of their researches might be read. It has been a long while to wait, but the outcome, as was to be expected, fully justifies our hopes. Mr. Bandelier's latest volume maintains the high standard of scholarship which he set for himself in his earlier works.

It is eminently fitting that the dean of American archæologists should be the first to publish a scientifically accurate account of the central shrine of the leading civilization in South America. Few subjects have been more widely talked about and more misunderstood than that of the Incas. No one else knows the native races of North and South America so intimately as does Mr. Bandelier, whose scientific researches have embraced in a remarkable degree both the mass of evidence in the early chronicles and the actual facts to be gained only from close and long-continued intercourse with the Indians of the present generation. Prescott, who is responsible for the interest which most Americans take in the Incas, was obliged to rely entirely on the written reports of others, of Spaniards who cared as little for exact facts as do the Turks, and of authors like Garcilasso de la Vega, who sought to surround the Inca Empire with a glamour that should command the respect and admiration of sixteenth-century Europe. E. G. Squier, whose excellent book on Peru still ranks high and deserves to be better known, gives an attractive picture of the remains of Inca civilization as he saw them, but his view was colored with romance and he was not familiar with the best contemporary evidence. His plates, also, are frequently misleading, and give the impression of greater height, more beauty, and considerably more rectangularity than actually exist. He was over-fond of bestowing high-sounding names upon the various ruins. In a word, his imagination was not controlled by long actual residence among American Indians.

It is precisely in these points that Professor Bandelier excels. Even his photographic reproductions have the very atmosphere of the plateau, where, as he truly says, "Nature is mostly cheerless. . . . Dismal monotony reigns all around. . . . The climate is as monotonous as the landscape, . . . cold, moist, and abounding in threatening phenomena, dangerous to man directly or indirectly." His drawings, also, are exact in angle and detail. They may not be so clear to the uninitiated as the more diagrammatic plans of Squier, but they tell the story much more accurately. And Mr. Bandelier has made himself thoroughly conversant with all written evidence of any value.

The mass of facts he has collected is all the more noteworthy because of the frightful obstacles which, as Sir Martin Conway found to his cost, the plateau presents to scientific investigation. Notwithstanding climate, nature, and man, all of which "conspire to impede, annoy, and obstruct," Mr. Bandelier succeeded in overcoming the inborn hostility of the Aymará Indians, persuaded a "Medicine Man" to reveal many of his secrets, and even managed to witness remarkably interesting ceremonies of invocation, sacrifice, and witchcraft.

There is little romance about the Aymarás. "Cupidity, low cunning, and savage cruelty" are the marks of their character. On occasion they are still cannibals. Furthermore, as Mr. Bandelier points out, "these traits are not, as sentimentalists would have it, a result of ill treatment by the Spaniards, but *peculiar to the stock*, and were yet more pronounced in the beginning of the colonial period than at the present time." Another important and revolutionary conclusion is that the Indian population "has not diminished since the early times of Spanish colonization, but has rather increased." This "shows how unjustified is the hue and cry about the extermination of the natives of Peru by the Spaniards." (How this would have delighted the late Professor Bourne!) Many travellers have observed the large number of unused terraces or *andines*, and have supposed that they proved the

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existence of a former dense population. Mr. Bandelier finds they are due to a "time-honored system of rotation observed by the Indians."

We cannot even indicate the many other results of this study. Mention, however, must be made of the well-known and often depicted "Fountain of the Inca," first drawn by Squier and copied by many later writers, which now turns out to be "simply an arrangement for draining the declivity in its rear. Were it not for this drain the soil would turn into mire and eventually be washed away." It should also be noted that Mr. Bandelier has been obliged to discredit the sumptuously illustrated volume of Ch. Wiener on Peru and Bolivia. Henceforth all unsubstantiated statements of Wiener's must be accepted with suspicion.

The only fault which the present reviewer has to find is in the printer's arrangement of the notes and plates. The former are placed at the end of each chapter. Such a practice might be justified in a pseudo-scientific work, a majority of whose readers would be dismayed by masses of footnotes; but in a standard anthropological monograph of this character the case is different, especially as the notes are replete with interest. The eighty-five plates, too, are not inserted near the passages which they illustrate, but are scattered through the volume after the fashion of artistic bookmakers generally, although, with the maps, they are absolutely essential to a clear understanding of the text.

It hardly needs to be added that there is a careful and exhaustive bibliography. It is most devoutly to be hoped that Mr. Bandelier will be able to publish the results of his other South American studies.

Notes.

Volumes V and VI of "The Cambridge History of English Literature," the publication of which has been somewhat delayed, are now promised by Putnams for October. They deal with the Elizabethan and Jacobean drama.

Holt & Co. have ready for publication in October an illustrated edition of "The Last of the Mohicans." This will be followed by similar editions of "Two Years Before the Mast," "Treasure Island," and "Tom Brown's School Days."

"The Autobiography of Thomas Collier Platt" will be brought out this season by B. W. Dodge & Co.

Wessels & Bissell Co. announces the following books for this autumn: "Oxford and Cambridge," by Hanslip Fletcher; "Sir Walter Scott Studied in Eight Novels," by the Hon. A. S. G. Canning; and "People of Position," by S. P. Hyatt.

Among the new editions of old books listed for autumn publication by Macmillan are: "The Loves of Pelleas and Etarre," "Friendship Village," and "Friendship Village Love Stories," by Zona Gale; "A Wanderer in London," "A Wanderer in Holland," and "A Wanderer in Paris," by E. V. Lucas; "The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning"; "The Book of Christmas," with an introduction by H. W. Mabie; "The Book of Friendship," introduction by S. M. Crothers; "The Story of the Year," by G. D. Hammond; "Silas Marner"; Juliana Horatio Ewing's "We and the World"; "The Water-Babies," by C. Kingsley, and "The Hunting of the Snark," by Lewis Carroll. Among the new publications are the Peoples of Many Lands Series: "The People of Egypt," painted by Lance Thackeray; "The People of Holland," painted by Nico Yungman; "The People of India," painted by M. Menpes; Home Life in Many Lands Series: "Home Life in Spain," by Samuel Bensusan; "Home Life in America," by Katherine Busbey; "Home Life in Holland," by D. S. Meldrum; and "Home Life in Japan." Religious and philosophical: "The Gospel According to St. Matthew," by A. T. Robertson; "Dogmatism and Evolution," by T. and G. A. de Laguna; "The Building of the Church," by C. E. Jefferson; "The World a Spiritual System," by J. Snowden; "Building a Working Faith," by N. D. Hillis; "Unitarian Thought," by E. Emerton; "Missions and Modern Thought," by W. O. Carver; "The Basal Beliefs of Christianity," by J. Snowden; and a revised edition of "History of New Testament Times in Palestine," by S. Mathews.

Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford" is one of the first of the holiday publications this autumn, and it will remain, if simple neatness is the test, one of the best. It contains a photogravure frontispiece of the author, and for the rest the attraction is due to type and paper. It is printed at the Riverside Press for Houghton Mifflin Company.

The excellent reprint of Beaumont and Fletcher, edited by A. R. Waller for the Cambridge English Classics (Putnam), has reached the eighth volume, leaving only two more to complete the edition. The present volume contains five plays: "The Woman's Prize," "The Island Princess," "The Noble Gentleman," "The Coronation," "The Coxcomb." For those who are not troubled by the old spelling and punctuation, no better text could be desired.

The Rt. Hon. G. W. E. Russell, youngest son of the sixth son of the sixth Duke of Bedford, has enough of the right blood in his veins to write of Whiggery and its men as only one on the inside can write of that great but now ruined institution. "I have always maintained," he says in his "Sketches and Snapshots," just published by Duffield & Co., "I have always maintained, that Whiggery, rightly understood, is not a political creed, but a social caste. The Whig, like the poet, is born, not made. It is as difficult to become a Whig as to become a Jew. Macaulay was probably the only man who, being born outside the privileged enclosure, ever penetrated to its heart and assimilated its spirit." And what a picture our still living Whig gives of Devonshire House, the very centre of the "Sacred Circle of the Great-Grandmotherhood," when "Poodle Byng" was young and visited its halls: "The Duchess was usually stitching in one corner of the room, and Charles Fox snoring in another." There are no more entertaining chapters in Mr. Russell's book than that on "Freddy Leveson," and others of the same kind, in which these mysteries of Whiggery are unfolded. But all the chapters, short or long, whether bits of biography or reviews of books, are full of pleasant anecdotes, although the humor is never so broad as in his "Collections and Recollections." Occasionally these reminiscences really add to our comprehension of a character, as in the statement that Purcell in his "Life of Cardinal Manning" suppressed one of Manning's "Hindrances to the Spread of the Catholic Church in England," the Jesuits, but printed the section privately and showed it, among others, to Mr. Russell. There is no more affectionate sketch in the book than that commemorative of the death of Matthew Arnold, from which we quote this closing paragraph:

> In 1868, Matthew Arnold lost his eldest son, a schoolboy at Harrow. It was the present writer's privilege to be with the bereaved father on the morning after his boy's death, and the author with whom he was consoling himself was Marcus Aurelius. Readers of the "Essays in Criticism" will remember the beautiful panegyric on that great Seeker after God, and will, perhaps, feel that, in describing him, the friend whom we have lost half-unconsciously described himself—"We see him wise, just, self-governed, tender, thankful, blameless, yet with all this agitated, stretching out his arms for something beyond—*tendentemque manus ripæ ulterioris amore.*"

Such samples may give a notion of a book of much quiet and agreeable entertainment.

"Along the Trail of the Friendly Years," by the Rev. Dr. William E. Hatcher (Fleming H. Revell), is the record of a Baptist clergyman whose memories go back to war times. Incidents of the pulpit, of revivalism, of negro believers, of astonishing conversions, make up what we may call the professional part of the book. Dr. Hatcher's service was chiefly rendered at Richmond, Petersburg, and Baltimore, and his recollections furnish, with oddities and humors, a few incidents of historical import. There is a vivid account of the final retreat of Lee's army, and of the anarchy that supervened at Richmond. We liked, too, the character study of "The Incomparable Jeff," a poor white mountaineer, who got and held religion with Franciscan fervor and simplicity. The book contains much superfluous matter for the average reader, but its tone is hearty, and good gleanings are afforded. The motto of the work is perhaps the following observation made apropos of Dr. Hatcher finding himself more or less a foreigner in Baltimore: "A Virginian is a stark fool to everybody else except to Virginians. Other people may feel as they please, but only a Virginian knows how a Virginian feels."

"Britain Across the Seas. Africa" (London: National Society's Depository), by Sir Harry Johnston, is intended mainly for the use of the young men who in the future will aid in framing the policy of the British Empire, and from this point of view it is an admirable text-book. For the writer is one who has taken an active, and, in some instances, a prominent part in the upbuilding of the empire in each of the great divisions of the African continent. With the knowledge derived from the study of the records of early days, and from personal observations, he describes as few others could the different peoples, their peculiarities of appearance, customs, and lan-

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guages, such of their early history as is known and their relations with the white man, trader, missionary, and official. And his aim is to do this truthfully, and not to hide the mistakes, the blunders, the faults, and, in some cases, mostly in the distant past, the cruel actions of his countrymen. Grateful and willing testimony also is borne to the excellence of much of the colonial work of the French and Germans, and, to a certain extent, of the Belgians and Portuguese. After a brief sketch of the physical characteristics of the continent and its early history he tells at some length —half the volume is devoted to this subject —the story of the various events, including many wars, which have led up to the present unification of South Africa. The west coast history is next taken up, and it is interesting to note that the inducement which brought the first English adventurer to this part of Africa was the search for pepper. The closing chapters contain a too brief account of the manner in which the Egyptian Sudan and parts of East Africa came under British rule.

"Sikhim and Bhutan, Twenty-one Years on the North-east Frontier, 1887-1908," by J. Claude White, C.I.E. (Longmans, Green & Company), has a twofold value. It contains much information in regard to some obscure Himalayan countries, their physical characteristics, the peculiarities and history of the heterogeneous people. It is also practical illustration on a small scale of the upbuilding of the present Indian Empire. Mr. White was the first representative of the British raj sent to reside in Sikhim, and his first duty was to learn to know the natives so as to be able to deal with them wisely. In the first five of his twenty years of service he visited every corner, even the most remote, of the country, and became acquainted with every head man. To open up a region in which there were no roads, only a few bad and difficult tracks, was his next duty. Before he left it was possible to ride from one end of Sikhim to the other, and a carriage road had been built from a railway terminus sixty-four miles to the capital. Then new industries were introduced, such as apple-growing, cloth-weaving, carpet manufacture, and a development of the mineral wealth began. His devotion to the interests of the people had its reward, for when the time of retirement on account of age drew nigh, the Maharaja and his wife went to Calcutta and begged the Viceroy, unsuccessfully, to lengthen his term of service. The people of every village, passed on the homeward journey, came out to kiss his feet and weep over him. With Bhutan his relations were different. He only visited the country three times, twice as representative of the British government to present the insignia of a Knight Commander of the Indian Empire to a leading chief for services rendered at the time of the Lhasa mission, and later in the same capacity to assist at his installation as Maharaja. He gives a detailed account of these expeditions, as well as a brief sketch of the history and foreign relations of the country; and it is to be hoped that his warning of the danger that China may take possession of it will be heeded in time. His recreation seems to have been mountain climbing and exploration, on which he gained much geographical knowledge of importance. Occasionally he justly criticises the Indian government for its lack of interest in frontier countries, but he is hardly justified in the assertion that, while an insuperable barrier has been raised against Englishmen who may desire to travel in Tibet, "foreigners, whom they are powerless to keep out, are given every possible assistance and help." Yet he manages to give some very attractive descriptions, especially of the wonderful beauty and variety of the flowers, of these "two most delightful countries," and this assertion is fully borne out by the forty-one admirable pictures, mostly of scenery, which illustrate his text. There is also an excellent map.

Prof. W. R. Liefmann's "Kartelle und Trusts" (Stuttgart: E. H. Moritz) is a second and enlarged edition of the volume published by him under the same title in 1905. The little book is an excellent survey of the movement in Germany, and has summary chapters on other countries also. After the methodical fashion of the Germans, the author examines successively the effects of the Kartelle on manufacturers, middlemen, laborers, buyers of materials, ultimate consumers, and proceeds finally to questions of legislation. In all this there is a bit too much of the trees, and too little of the forest. The essential question as to combinations is whether competitive conditions in industry have been replaced by monopoly (qualified or unqualified), and around this the discussion should centre. The German Kartell is a very different thing from the American Trust, but none the less presents the same fundamental problem. It is an iron-clad pool, enforced during the agreed term by the courts; for, under Continental law, such contracts "in restraint of trade" are not *per se* void. Professor Liefmann believes the Kartell does not really lead to monopoly prices; the attempt to secure these always brings back a revival of "independent" competition. Yet he says the profits of producers are substantially increased, and the market quotations of their securities notably raised; which, it should seem, indicates that after all there is some accretion of gain through at least a quasi-monopoly. Our American Trusts also seem to him not to have secured monopoly prices. Their real evils he finds chiefly in stock-jobbing and financial manipulation. "Dumping" seems to him unobjectionable, on similar grounds. It causes no higher prices, or at least no prices unduly high, within the country; and why object to the foreigner's getting the dumped article cheap, if we at home still get it at a "fair" price? The argument seems to us not conclusive. It holds only for sporadic dumping, not for sustained and systematic selling at lower prices in foreign competitive markets. The German Kartelle, it is fair to say, in the main have done their dumping hitherto sporadically. For all the general optimistic trend of his analysis, Professor Liefmann still advocates public supervision and control, through a proposed Imperial Kartell-Amt which is to supervise and regulate the combinations. He thus reaches in the end much the same recommendations for legislation as sober thinkers have come to in this country.

A Latin concordance to the *De Imitatione Christi* of Thomas à Kempis has been carefully prepared by Rayner Storr and published by the Oxford University Press. The text of Hirsche is followed with a very few exceptions. The context is quoted liberally for the more important words; with entire sentences or long clauses before him, the reader can study the meanings of a word with ease. The quotations rarely run over a line; in most of the cases where they do, they might readily have been shortened. The editor might also have gained space by combining in one quotation two or more adjacent occurrences of a word. For certain words of secondary importance only numerical references are given. Here, by an unfortunate device, a Roman numeral stands for the number of a book, a number above a short mark for a chapter, and a number below for a line; a page of *omnis* thus done looks like an unpleasant example in compound fractions. Certain other minor words—there is no fixed principle—are not quoted at all. An unnecessary and unavailing conscientiousness is shown in the marking of vowel quantities in the head-words; for who knows that Thomas à Kempis followed classical usage, for instance, in the varying quantity of *pro* in compounds? But whatever its eccentricities, any concordance is a boon, and we are grateful for what is offered here.

Dr. Albert Hale's "Practical Guide to Latin America" (Small, Maynard) may prove to be of some use to the inexperienced commercial traveller (if there be any such) on his first visit to the southern republics. Even he, however, will be annoyed by its many shortcomings and inaccuracies. Fortunately there are in existence excellent guides to Mexico and the West Indies, although there is none as yet to South America. Dr. Hale has only served to call attention to the need. His arrangement is haphazard, his information with regard to railways and hotels is neither specific nor practical, while his errors, both typographical and otherwise, are legion. The dry season in the Peruvian Andes does *not* "correspond to our winter months," but just the reverse. The distance from Corumbá to Puerto Suarez is not "eighty-one miles," but only twelve. And from Puerto Suarez to Santa Cruz is not "eight hundred miles," but a little above 400. The average time for the trip from Panama to Valparaiso is not "twelve to fourteen days," but twenty-one to twenty-five days, etc. Such phrases as "extensive railroad system radiates into the interior," and "there is a trunk line from north to south on the highlands," are misleading and out of place in a "practical guide," although they may be tolerated in the literature of the "boosting" propaganda now being distributed by the Pan American Bureau, of which Dr. Hale is a "special compiler." Railway taxes, hotel rates, boat tariffs, and clear directions for reaching any given point are conspicuous by their absence. Those persons who have neither school-geography nor gazetteer at hand or accessible will find in this book popular paragraphs concerning the principal towns and cities. Business men, however, will find the Exporter's Encyclopedia far more useful and reliable; and intending travellers will still find Prof. W. R. Shepherd's excellent article on "Travel Conditions in South America," published in the *Bulletin*

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of the American Republics for May, 1908, the best and most "practical" aid. There is no map.

Among the humors of the new rhetoric should be included the second edition of "Short Themes: A Freshman Manual for the First Semester," by A.H. Nason of New York University (published by the author). Objurgation, cajolery, sarcasm,—every whip, prick, and spur available are employed to worry the reluctant student into literary production. Alternately the author pleads, scolds, wheedles—he is pragmatic, facetious, anecdotal, familiar, oracular in turn. Above all, he is full of occasions and instances from "real" life, the raw material of "literature—and college themes," as he puts it. His story of "Bucks Ticket Office" is a veritable gem of illustrative exposition. Nor has he disquieted himself wholly in vain, if the specimen "themes" scattered through the text are the work of his own pupils, as is to be supposed. In fact, it would be hard to imagine anything more effective for its purpose than the first part of his volume on the Practice of Composition—dead, indeed, would be the soul that failed to respond to its eloquent solicitations.

"The First Grammar of the Language Spoken by the Bontoc Igorot" is the work of Dr. Carl Wilhelm Seidenadel (The Open Court Publishing Co.). His material he got from a group of Igorot who were at Chicago in 1906 and 1907. With these Philippine people he spent six or eight months, and he appears to have exercised care and patience in taking down words and phrases from their lips; he also revised his collection with the help of a native who spoke English. The grammatical material is arranged according to modern philological principles; the rules and usages are given clearly and are illustrated by an abundance of examples. Igorot is a Malay-Polynesian tongue, and the author has wisely avoided following the rules of Malay grammar; he seems to have gathered his rules wholly from Igorot usage as he understood it. While it would be too much to expect a complete or perfectly accurate description of the language from such opportunities as he had, his volume is a conscientious and intelligent study, and will further the investigation of Philippine dialects. He has added an English-Igorot vocabulary and a small body of texts—modern narratives, mythological material, folk-stories, and songs.

Leonard P. Ayres, who is the associate director of the department of child hygiene of the Russell Sage Foundation, gives us in a volume, entitled, "Open-Air Schools" (Doubleday, Page & Co.) a knowledge of what has been accomplished up to the present time with this new type of school. Beginning with a description of the first schools of the kind in Germany, the author describes the experiments made in several English cities, and in those cities of the United States in which the work has been begun. Full details are given as to cost, equipment, and results, as far as such information is available. The book is profusely illustrated with photographs. The wide interest which has attached to the establishment of these out-of-door schools, and especially in connection with the anti-tuberculosis campaign in this country, makes this a very timely book.

In the *National Geographic Magazine* for September will be found some information as to the present conditions of Liberia taken from the report of the recent commission to that country. The other noteworthy contents are the account of some experiences in Asia Minor by E. Huntington, the curious customs of the Chinese by Dr. K. F. Junor, and the value of phosphorus, our greatest plant food, by G. E. Mitchell. The illustrations, especially those of the great Mexican volcanoes, are of unusual interest.

The August Index to the London *Times*, an octavo pamphlet of 144 pages, is an invaluable source of information on current subjects and events. So broad is the field of the paper that everything of general interest in history, politics, literature, science, and religion happening in any part of the world is recorded in its pages and finds a place in the monthly index. The subject treated at greatest length in this number is aeronautics, nearly four pages being given to it, while half a page is devoted to Col. Roosevelt's month's work. Such an index to one or more of our leading journals would prove most useful to writers and students, and we trust that the example of the *Times* may be imitated in this country.

The Rev. Louis Lambert, editor-in-chief of the *Freeman's Journal* of New York city, and author of "Notes on Ingersoll," "Tactics of Infidels," "Thesaurus Biblicus," "Christian Science Before the Bar of Reason," and a few other volumes, died last Sunday at the age of seventy-five.

James Lyman Whitney, who died in Cambridge last Sunday in his seventy-fifth year, had been connected with the Boston Public Library for more than forty years, and had been its head librarian from 1899 to 1903. As chief of the catalogue department, he edited the Ticknor Catalogue of Spanish Literature and many other documents.

From Edinburgh comes the report of the death, in his seventy-second year, of J. Campbell Irons, an eminent lawyer. Among his publications are "Leith and its Antiquities," "Manual of Police Law and Practice," "Manual of the Licensing Laws," and "Manual of the Dean of Guild Law and Practice."

Louis Boussenard, the French author of romances, has died at the age of sixty-three. One of his books has been translated into English under the title of "The Crusoes of Guiana; or, The White Tiger."

Science.

Fossil Plants. By A. C. Seward F.R.S. Vol. II. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5 net.

He would have been regarded as a rash prophet, twenty years ago, who should have dared to predict that, within two decades, the whole field of plant-relationships would be resurveyed by palæontologists. At that time there were many ardent students of fossil plants who did their best to unravel the tangles presented by the scanty vestiges of plant remains in certain localities. There was a vast amount of earnest work and of honest conjecture, but the testimony of the fossilized plants was regarded by general botanists as hardly worthy of a place on the records of the court, and hence most of the conjectural evidence was ruled out. But by the introduction of new methods of investigation the whole subject assumed a different aspect, and while some of the former guesses were seen to be pretty near the truth, a few of the old results had hit the truth exactly. Of course, a great deal was found to be worthless, and it was promptly laid aside. The most interesting feature of this application of new methods was the ready acceptance of the new results by persons throughout the entire field. And thus it has come to pass that not only has there been a complete reconstruction of the former imaginative pictures of early plant life, but there has gone hand in hand with this a radical readjustment of ideas in many fields where fossil plants were previously thought to have no place or influence.

A large part of this extraordinary development of vegetable palæontology is due to a few active English students, who have been untiring in their application of the new methods. In our own country there are a few who are devoting much time and energy to the subject, and all of them are obtaining good results. The field is so large and the results so striking that many other laborers are called for. To all such investigators the work by Professor Seward is simply indispensable; but it is very interesting, also, to the general reader who desires to discern the bonds which fasten all plants together in a genetic unity. It is in this work that one sees how easily erasible are many of the old lines which we fondly used to draw to separate one group from another. Many of these artificial barriers have given way never to be reëstablished. How they have been removed, and why they ought never to have had a place in science, can be well seen by a study of Professor Seward's treatise.

A third, and concluding, volume is promised by the author. This is said to be very nearly ready.

Macmillan has the following titles on his autumn list: "Electric Motors," by H. M. Hobart; "The Grammar of Science," by Karl Pearson; "Milk and Its Products," by H. H. Wing; "Text-Book of Operative Surgery," by T. Kocher; "The Practice of Midwifery," by A. L. Galabin and G. Blacker; "Veterinary Studies for Agricultural Students," by M. H. Reynolds; "A System of Medicine and Gynæcology," in twelve volumes, by many writers; "Dry Farming," by J. A. Widtsoe; "Rural Hygiene," by H. N. Ogden; "The Physiology of Plant Production," by B. M. Duggar; "Diseases of Economic Plants," by F. L. Stevens: "Laboratory Exercises in Farm Management," by G. F. Warren, and "Poultry Laboratory Guide," by H. R. Lewis.

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"Theoretical Mechanics" (Ginn), by Percey F. Smith and William R. Longley, is a new volume of the mathematical series, edited by Professor Smith of Yale. The treatment requires a knowledge of calculus, and is adapted to students of engineering. The most noticeable thing in the book is the arrangement of its material. In order to continue without a break the students' practice in solving problems in the integral calculus, moments of mass and inertia are treated first, and then the more natural subject of kinematics of a point. The plan hardly seems wise, for what is gained in analytical efficiency is lost in the logical development of the science of mechanics, which is, after all, the subject in hand. Nor should too much consideration be given to the student who is incapable of remembering the formulæ of calculus for a few months without constant practice. Otherwise the book is useful enough.

Drama.

Louis N. Parker is at work upon the play on the subject of Benjamin Disraeli, in which George Arliss is to appear. Except as a minor figure in "The Last of the Dandies," this extraordinary and in many ways picturesque personage has not been seized upon for stage purposes. There will be general curiosity to see what phase of his character or what part of his career Parker, the pageant master, will select for illustration.

Among the new English plays announced are a dramatization of "The Garden of Allah," by its author, Robert Hichens; "Gentlemen of the Press," by H. M. Richardson, a Manchester journalist, to be produced by Miss Horniman's company at Manchester, and "The Casting Out of Michael Whelan," a drama of bush life by R. J. Ray, to be produced at the Abbey Theatre, Dublin.

Sir Charles Wyndham and Mary Moore are once again acting in "The Case of Rebellious Susan" at the London Criterion. The former threatens to beat the record of the late Charles Mathews as a septuagenarian juvenile.

Dr. Martin publishes an interesting paper in the new issue of the "Surrey Archæological Collections" on the site of the Old Globe Playhouse of Shakespeare. It is apparently intended to be a vindication of the action of the Shakespeare Reading Society of London in placing last year a commemorative bronze upon the wall of Messrs. Barclay & Perkins's brewery, Southwark, approximately marking the spot where it is believed the "Old Globe" stood. Dr. Martin sets forth all the evidence he has been able to collect both for and against his theory. He divides this into three classes, viz.: (1) Documents of a legal, semi-legal, or business character; (2) printed and oral accounts which, purporting to describe the position of the Globe Playhouse, were not in general of a legal, semi-legal, or business character; and (3) sixteenth and seventeenth-century map-views and plans of London and Southwark. In all this he goes over old ground, but he has a postscript dealing with information given him while the paper was in the press. It relates to a discovery made in 1891 which is said not to have been published. When one of the cellars of the brewery was being lowered, a semi-circular staging of wood about forty feet long by thirty feet wide was discovered at a depth of about four or five feet from the ground level. It was not the support of a vat, says the brewery clerk of the works, and it had nothing to do with brewing operations. Dr. Martin suggests that this was the stage of the Old Globe Theatre.

Percy Mackaye's new skit, for it can scarcely be called a play, which has just been produced in the Comedy Theatre, proved somewhat of a disappointment. As a bit of literary satire, ridiculing some of the least intellectual of modern social theories, such as free love, anarchical individualism, etc., it is often excellent fooling, but it is so extravagant in plot, so lawless in form and so inconclusive in its logic that its violently comic situations and sparkling dialogue fail to atone for its dramatic incoherence. A young married couple, whose shallow wits have been addled by the pestiferous vaporings of the advanced drama, suddenly descend upon the home of a village parson and his wife—the brother of the one and the sister of the other—and straightway proclaim themselves free lovers, pour contempt upon the slavish indecency of the marriage bond, and announce their intention of preaching in the neighborhood the new gospel of spiritual and social emancipation. The parson's wife, Mildred, a woman compact of common sense and humor, pretends to be converted to their views, and by ministering to the vanity of her brother-in-law easily convinces him that she is his true affinity. She feigns to be overwhelmed by his masterful character, hails him as the superman of his own ravings, and announces herself as the reincarnation of the heroine of the rhapsodical tragedy he is composing. Meanwhile her romantic sister is consumed by frantic jealousy in contemplating this practical application of the free love doctrines of which she had been the enthusiastic advocate. After assuming for a moment the complexion of mock tragedy, the piece degenerates into a wild burlesque of Ibsen's "Rosmersholm." Declaring that her husband (throughout her accomplice) has committed suicide in despair over her loss, Mildred challenges her dupe to plunge with her into an imaginary mill race, the result being that the pretended free lovers are left to flounder in a filthy swamp, from which they finally emerge, much disfigured and humiliated, but pretty well cured of their hallucinations. Underneath all this grotesque nonsense it might be easy to discover a vein of wholesome symbolism, but it is doubtful whether the value of the discovery would repay the labor of the search. It is satisfactory to find Mr. Mackaye on the side of social sanity, but he has presented the fallacies he is dealing with in such bald and absurd fashion that they excite no dramatic or other interest. It is like tilting at windmills. Regarded simply as burlesque, of somewhat crude invention but superior literary quality, it is frequently amusing, though sorely in need of compression. It suffered much through the inadequacy of its general interpretation. Henrietta Crosman was the only one of the performers possessing the requisite skill, the combined lightness and firmness of touch, to handle successfully matters so fragile and so fantastic. Her embodiment of the shrewd and humorous parson's wife was admirable, exhibiting all the resourcefulness and tact of the thoroughly trained actress.

"The Little Damozel," by Monckton Hoffe, which has just been received with great favor at the Comedy Theatre here, was very successful also in London, where it profited, doubtless, by the popularity of Charles Hawtrey. It is an artificial and badly made piece, full of cheap and specious sentimentality and obvious, though often effective, situation, but the dialogue is bright, natural, and comparatively fresh, and most of the action is conducted in the atmosphere of that submerged theatrical Bohemia which, if non-existent in fact, has, nevertheless, a potent attraction for the crowd. The general nature of it may be indicated by the fact that the hero is a scamp who marries the villain's cast-off mistress for a price, is cast off, in his turn, by the wife, whom, of course, he has learned to love, and finally makes his peace by threatening to commit suicide. In spite of its trickiness, the piece is interesting, has some effective scenes, and exhibits flashes of humor and pathos. Moreover, it is admirably acted, especially by Cyril Keightley—a comedian with an agreeable address and manner, and finished artistic method—George Graham, Frank Lacy, and Henry Vogel.

Music.

Music in the Church. By Peter Christian Lutkin. Milwaukee: The Young Churchman Co. $1 net.

The late Charles Reuben Hale, Bishop of Cairo, Ill., bequeathed some of his estate for the establishment, endowment, publication, and due circulation of courses of lectures, to be delivered annually, forever, to be called the Hale Lectures, the subject of these lectures and publications being liturgies, church hymns, and church music, the history of eastern and national churches, and contemporaneous church history. Dr. Lutkin, whose volume includes the Hale Lectures for 1908-9, is dean of the school of music at the Northwestern University in Evanston, Ill. He holds that education is needed for congregations, organists, choirmasters, theological students, and, he fears, for the ministers, too, ere the music in our churches can be made what it should be; and his book not only proves this assertion but contains many hints as to how the needed education may best be provided. The table of contents includes hymn tunes, congregational singing, the organ, the organist, and choirmaster, the vested male choir, and the development of music in the Anglican church. While the book addresses itself primarily to those concerned in the making of church music, the general reader is also kept in mind, all technicalities and discussions that would interest only the professional musician having been excluded.

The author relates that one of the foremost of American composers, when invited to contribute to the hymnal of a

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leading denomination, declined with thanks, excusing himself on the ground that he would rather write a sonata than a hymn tune. The simplest is the most difficult to make interesting, and while it is true that, as Prof. Waldo S. Pratt remarks, some recent tune music is as beautifully articulated as the finest sonnets or the most exquisite miniatures, nevertheless the inspiration and workmanship of hymn tune writing in the time of Luther or Bach far excel the best efforts of to-day; which is deplorable, for, as Dr. Lutkin remarks, the tune is "the only means by which the people as a whole can be swayed by a single emotion or uplifted by a common impulse." We have progressed in so far as in the best modern examples there is a closer association of words and music; but the general level is much lower. Musicians who uphold high standards when judging the works of others perpetrate the most commonplace hymn tunes, and upstarts cater to the love of sensationalism by adopting a formula for a tune, consisting of "a jingling rhythm recurring with deadly regularity, a melody gayly moving along the line of least resistance, and a few 'barber shop' chords to help out the climax, which will be greatly heightened if some of the sopranos sustain a high tone in the refrain—for there must be a refrain!" The best of the modern American and English tunes, together with the plain song melodies and early German chorals and English hymns, are classified in the first of the six lectures included in this volume, which thus serves as an invaluable guide to those who do not trust their own taste and judgment in making selections.

As regards the hymn singing of a congregation, Dr. Lutkin considers it almost an unfailing barometer of its spiritual condition. "Good hymn singing is a sure indication of a wide-awake and energetic parish, one where the people turn out and join sincerely in the service." Yet this powerful agency for the promotion of genuine religious feeling is not systematically cultivated. The proportion of persons who cannot "carry a tune" is, perhaps, no larger than that of the color-blind, and the sensible suggestion is made that if congregations could be persuaded to attend an occasional rehearsal, wonders might be accomplished—provided there is a competent choirmaster. Such choirmasters, to be sure, are not overabundant; usually the choirmaster is also the organist, who, while he may have learned how to play his instrument, trusts to his native wit for the voice training. The complaint is also made that too many of our organists use their positions to exploit their cleverness, considering the church as primarily a place to give recitals in; but we feel sure that in this respect our players have plenty of rivals in foreign countries. Organists, after all, are human, and inasmuch as nobody listens to the opening and closing voluntaries, and set organ numbers during the service are becoming more and more the exception, they must have their chance somewhere, even though it be in those "blizzards of sound" against which the Rev. Howard Duffield has fulminated.

Liszt's "Dante" symphony is to be performed the coming season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Other notable works in the repertory will be Mahler's second symphony, Debussy's "Iberia" and "Rondes de Printemps" (first time in America), and Henry Hadley's "Culprit Fay," one of that American's numerous prize-winners. Special attention is to be paid to the English composer, Fritz Delius. His orchestral nocturne, "Paris," when played in Boston last season, created a desire to hear more of this man's music; this will be gratified by the performance of four of his pieces, all novelties: "In a Summer Garden," "Dance Rhapsody," "Brigg Fair," and "Appalachia," a set of variations for orchestra and chorus on a Mississippi slave song. Another English composer, Granville Bantock, will be represented by "Three Dramatic Dances."

The Kneisel Quartet opens the twenty-sixth season of its existence and the nineteenth season in New York in November next, announcing its regular series of concerts of chamber music to be given on Tuesday evenings, November 15, December 13, January 17, February 7, March 14, and April 4, at Mendelssohn Hall, with the assistance of Charles Anthony, George Barrere, Carlo Buonamici, Courtlandt Palmer, Arthur Whiting, and others. Among the works to be played, which include a number of first performances, are:

Quartet in G major, op. 18, No. 2; quartet in F major, op. 59, No. 1; quartet in C sharp minor, op. 131; septet for violin, viola, violoncello, doublebass, clarinet, fagot, and horn, op. 20, by Beethoven.

Quintet in C major, for two violins, viola, and two violoncellos, by Schubert.

Quartet in A minor, op. 51, No. 2; quartet in A major for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello, op. 26; quintet in F major for two violins, two violas, and violoncello, op. 88, by Brahms.

Quartet in D major, by Cherubini.

Quartet in G major, op. 106, by Dvorák.

Quartet in E flat major (first time), by Max Reger.

Quartet in C minor, op. 6 (first time), by Frederick A. Stock.

Quartet in F major, op. 7 (first time), by Sergei Taneiew.

Suite Basque for flute, two violins, viola, and 'cello (first time), by Charles Bordes.

Sonata in D major for violoncello and harpsichord, by Bach.

Quintet in E flat major, for pianoforte, two violins, viola, and violoncello, op. 44, by Schumann.

Quartet in A major for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello (manuscript, first time), by Rubin Goldmark.

Modern French music will be a feature of the thirty-second season of the New York Symphony Society, which begins October 28 at the New Theatre. The programmes will include symphonies by Henri Rabaud, Paul Dukas, Ernest Chausson, and a new suite by Debussy, called "Iberia." The soloists engaged include Felix Berber, a violinist; Louise Homer, Sarah Anderson, Florence Hinkle, Josef Hofmann, Sigismund Stojowski, Francis MacMillen, Henry Hadley, and Horatio Connell.

Maud Powell, queen of living violinists, will open her season on September 29 as one of the soloists of the Worcester Festival, the others being Yolanda Mérö, Nina Dimitrieff, Margaret Keyes, Florence Hinkle, Berrick von Norden, George Hamlin, Herbert Witherspoon, Frederick Weld. At this festival English music will be represented by Granville Bantock's "Omar Khayyám," to which a whole evening (September 29) will be devoted. Another evening (September 28) will be given to Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust." In addition to these, there are to be three miscellaneous concerts, on September 29 and 30 (afternoon) and 30 (evening). Maud Powell, after this festival, starts on her seventh consecutive tour of this country.

Henry Hadley has been reëngaged as conductor of the symphony orchestra on which Seattle prides itself almost as much as on its rapid growth. Mr. Hadley is undoubtedly one of the best and most ambitious of American musicians, and there is no reason why, under his capable direction, the Seattle Symphony Orchestra should not do for the cities of the Pacific Coast what the Boston Orchestra has done for those of the Atlantic Coast. Among the soloists engaged for the Seattle season are Gadski, Josef Hofmann, Gogorza Kocian.

John Cheshire, the harpist, died at his home in New York city last Monday. Before coming to this country, thirty years ago, he had studied under the famous John Balsir Chatterton of the Royal Academy of Music in London, at which institution he also taught for a number of years, besides playing with the best-known English orchestras at Covent Garden. He was recognized as the foremost player of his day; he also composed several notable pieces, among them being the harp music for Sullivan's "The Light of the World" and a concerto for the harp, but recently completed. At the time of his death he was seventy-three years of age.

Art.

Chinese Pottery of the Han Dynasty. Publication of the East Asiatic Committee of the American Museum of Natural History. The Jacob H. Schiff Chinese Expedition. By Berthold Laufer. Leiden: E. J. Brill, Ltd., printers and publishers.

Description of Chinese Pottery and Porcelain: Being a translation of the T'ao Shuo. With introduction, notes, and bibliography. By Stephen W. Bushell, Oxford: At the Clarendon Press.

The story of Chinese pottery, heretofore less explicit than that of porcelain, is coming to light. Dr. Laufer's book summarizes the results of a three years' investigation conducted in China under an endowment provided by Mr. Schiff. As hardly any Chinese glazed pottery antedates the Han dynasty, and as the Korean and Japanese potters derived their craft from China, the work is essentially a monograph of the beginnings of the fictile art in the Far East. It is certainly a timely contribution. The

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richness of the recent discoveries at Hsi an fu and elsewhere in the Shensi province has interested many collectors of Chinese antiquities. Dr. Laufer's book, though devoted only to pottery, and that of a few collections, will be helpful to whoever undertakes to describe any of the objects taken from graves of northern China and reputed to be of the Han era. The alert Japanese art dealers are bringing so many of these things to the United States that the present literal accuracy of Dr. Laufer's statements concerning the rarity of art of the Han dynasty in Occidental collections might seem to be questioned.

Whether or not all Dr. Laufer's theories prove acceptable to archæologists, they are based on a good attempt to collect existing data and to interpret individual objects in the collections of the American Museum of Natural History and other galleries in terms of the great culture movements. To the general reader the most interesting chapters are those in which the relationship between early Chinese and Siberian art is traced. Other investigators have been on this trail—which naturally is broad and well marked, for to influences from the north and east Hsi an fu, situated a month's journey inland from the present Chinese capital, lay easily open. The sculptures and pottery of the sand-buried cities of Turkistan have long appeared to invite comparison with works of early Chinese art on the one side, just as, in another direction, they suggest analogies with archaic Greek art. Dr. Laufer is conservative as regards the derivation of the technical processes of the Han potters from those of any other nation, urging that "This entire pottery forms a well defined group which in its character as pottery bears no resemblance to any other known groups of ancient pottery in Asia, nor to that of Siberia or of Turkistan." Some of the ornamental motives, however, he finds to bear such a striking and direct resemblance to motives common in old Scytho-Siberian art, "that a connection between the two must be presupposed *a priori*." In support of this thesis much literary and archæological evidence is adduced, tending to prove that the ancient Turks had a rather high civilization, and that during the Han dynasty interchange of works of art between them and the Chinese must have been frequent.

An interesting and seemingly convincing explanation of the "hill censers" is offered by Dr. Laufer. These are cylindrical pottery jars with covers which invariably represent a mountain or group of mountain peaks, often with attached flora and fauna, rising from the waves. They stand, according to this investigator, for the Isles of the Blest—Peng lai, Fang chang, and Ying chou—first mentioned in literature about 210 B. C. as the abode of the immortals. This conception, it is well established, influenced history, as when the Han Emperor Wu, who had vainly tried to see the blessed isles from the seashore, returned to his capital and at his palace, about twenty miles north of Hsi an fu, constructed a lake with imitations of the insular elysium. The hill jars, Dr. Laufer believes, were put into graves for the purpose of conferring immortality on the deceased.

Each of the forms of useful objects imitated in the mortuary pottery of the Han period, such as grist mills and granary urns, cooking ranges and other kitchen utensils, draw-wells, stables, and sheepfolds—has the double interest of throwing light on the development of the potter's technique about the beginning of the Christian era and of supplying data for describing the daily life of the ancient Chinese. The derivation of objects of present-day use from the former types is entertainingly shown. A chapter on Han roofing tiles contains data that supplement Prof. Edward S. Morse's admirable monograph on the tiles of ancient nations.

Dr. Bushell's high competence as a writer on Chinese ceramics was established during the years in which he was physician to the British embassy at Peking. His translation of the T'ao Shuo, or "Description of Pottery," in six books, by Chu Yen, the first Oriental scholar to write a connected account of the development of pottery and porcelain, was made for private use prior to 1891. An independent suggestion that this classic work ought to be available to European and American collectors was made some time ago to Dr. Bushell by the late William M. Laffan of New York. The resultant book, consisting of a translation of the original, which was first published in 1774, with four prefaces by as many Chinese scholars and with introduction and commentary by Dr. Bushell himself, gives the student or collector a good chance to find out what the Chinese know about the history of their own fictile industries. The original author, a learned man, a poetaster as well as antiquarian, was appointed in 1767 by the governor of the province of Kiangsi to write this book. For seven years he lived at Ching-te Chen, the celebrated site of the Imperial potteries where, besides familiarizing himself with the traditions and technical processes of the factories, he diligently gathered quotations concerning pottery from earlier authors. The high opinion in which the work was held by some of Chu Yen's contemporaries is illustrated in a statement in the fourth preface, written by Huang Hsi-fan in 1787:

> The learned author has carefully examined the modern processes of manufacture, and made wide researches into old works, so that there is not a single name nor a single vessel that he has omitted. . . . Comparing this with the Ko ku and the other books, it stands in the proportion of a thousand basketsful of rice to one grain.

Such a work, now for the first time available in English, will be invaluable to museum curators and connoisseurs. Incidentally, it is of no little interest to the curious-minded general reader.

Autumn books on art from Macmillan include "Guide to Italian Painting," by B. Berenson; "Irish Ecclesiastical Architecture," by A. C. Champneys; "English Mediæval Architecture," by E. S. Prior; "The Art of the Romans," by H. B. Walters; "A Book of Porcelain," by W. Gibb; "Dinanderie," by J. Travenor-Perry; "Douglas Jerrold and Punch," by Walter Jerrold; and "French Portrait Engravers," by T. H. Thomas.

Finance.

EXPORTS AND IMPORTS.

In August, according to the Government's report of a few days ago, this country's foreign trade again resulted in an excess of merchandise imports over exports. This is the eighth monthly excess of the kind in the period beginning with June of 1909; prior to which date there had been no such monthly surplus of imports since June, 1897. What attracted even more attention was the fact that, in the footing of exports and imports for all the eight completed months of the year to date, there was also an excess of importations; it is fifteen years since the reports for an equal period have shown any such result.

The essential fact about this phenomenon is that it is abnormal, in view of the past generation's experience. It has been brought about partly by restriction of certain exports, but chiefly by the unprecedented imports of the period, which for the eight months in question rose $107,000,000 over the same months in 1909, and $53,000,000 over the previous maximum, that of the eight months ending with August, 1907. During the eleven years prior to 1909 excess of merchandise exports for the period never fell below $183,000,000, and four times ran beyond $350,000,000.

Large importations are certainly not in themselves an unfavorable economic sign; they may mean nothing but growing wealth and prosperity. It is only when their abnormal magnitude appears to reflect economic tendencies which are not wholesome in themselves that experienced students of such problems look askance at them. In the present case such tendencies were rather plainly manifest in this country. Extravagance of living and artificial enhancement of prices by speculative use of credit had been among the conspicuous phenomena in this country for a year or more. At the beginning of the pres-

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ent year, the London *Economist's* monthly average of English commodity prices stood more than 8 per cent. below the highest level of the period, reached in the spring of 1907; at the same date this year the Bradstreet average of American commodity prices was actually above the highest monthly figure of the decade.

Comparisons in such calculations cannot be exact; but in this special case, the presumption that our own prices had been pushed to a height where we were out of normal touch with the outside world, was very strong. Among the conspicuous increases in our importations for the year to date have been rubber, the enormous imports of which reflected the "automobile craze"; precious stones, which certainly might mean extravagance; and iron and steel, which strongly suggested that American prices were at an artificial level when compared with those of other producing nations.

It is entirely true that, although it is fifteen years since any such series of monthly "import surpluses" has occurred in our foreign trade, there have been long periods in the country's history when an excess of imports was the rule and not the exception. It may be interesting to inquire just when and how that condition of things occurred. From 1844 to 1873, inclusive, there were only two exceptions to such a yearly import surplus. The import excess for the year got above $100,000,000 in 1864 and 1869, and in 1872, after a generation in which we regularly bought from foreign nations more than we sold to them, the annual excess reached the towering figure of $187,000,000. But with the panic of 1873, it ended. Never but once since that notable economic date has the country imported, during a calendar year, more merchandise than it has sent abroad.

This succession of rather distinct eras in our foreign trade was not mere accident. It is reasonable to suppose that the habitual excess of merchandise imports during the twenty years after 1844—as in the earlier years for which less satisfactory statistics are available—arose from the fact that the country was young and poor, but growing rapidly; that it needed foreign capital in greater amount than it could pay for by export of American commodities, and that it needed this foreign capital in the form of merchandise.

These requirements continued during the decade from 1864 to 1874. They would probably, of themselves, have prolonged the annual excess of imports over exports, but their effect on the import trade was greatly emphasized by the abnormal imports of war material, and by the utter derangement of prices caused by depreciation of the currency. In 1871 and 1872, still another influence took a hand: an era of reckless extravagance was in full swing, and there is every reason to believe that, even after allowing for the premiums on gold, American prices for commodities were higher than prices of the same commodities in Europe. It is certain, at any rate, that the merchandise imports of 1870 were the largest on record; that in 1871 they increased $112,000,000, or 26 per cent., and that in 1872 they further expanded $82,000,000, or 14 per cent. By this time, the whole position of things was unnatural, and it all had a hand in the general collapse of 1873.

The Senate investigation of 1892 (on the basis of the 1860 average for par) made the average American gold price of all articles 121¾ for the five years ending in 1874, and 103¾ for the five ensuing years. What happened, largely as a consequence of these lower prices, was an enormous forward leap in the export trade, along with a fall in imports from their abnormal volume of the five or six preceding years. By 1878, with the help of an abundant harvest, the annual excess of exports rose to $305,000,000. Not until the near approach of 1890 and 1893 was the process again reversed, and it is certain that even at that time, although prices were not high as compared with the decade before and the decade after, they were too high in America for our markets to keep normally in touch with the rest of the world. In 1890, in 1892, in 1893, and in 1895, monthly "import excesses" occurred in connection with a highly disturbed position in our home and international finances.

What followed, after the middle of 1897, was a period of economy in home production and of aggressive forward movement into foreign markets, happily supplemented by a series of abundant American harvests in the face of foreign shortage. The years of enormous "export surpluses," lasting from 1898 up to 1909, ensued.

It is these chapters in our history, and not any intrinsic evil in a country's excess of imports over exports, which have converged economic interest on the story of the past fourteen months. Different people will draw different conclusions from the changed condition of our foreign trade, during this period. The case of England is occasionally cited, in which annual merchandise imports exceed exports by as much as $700,000,000. But students of the problem are well aware that this English "import excess" is a sign of the simple trading profit on that country's enormous shipping trade; of the profits from freight and passengers consigned by English steamers, and of the annual remittances of interest against English investments in foreign countries. The United States has neither trading fleet, nor ocean liners, nor foreign investments, in such number and magnitude as to create any parallel condition. And in so far as our own experience in the "import excess" period prior to 1873 was a result of the country's relative poverty, and of its urgent need for European capital to keep the wheels of American industry moving, the most that can be said is, that the description hardly fits the present day.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abbott, E. H. Molly Make-Believe. Century. $1 net.
Altsheler, J. A. The Riflemen of the Ohio. D. Appleton. $1.50.
American Jewish Year Book 5671—October, 1910, to September, 1911. Philadelphia: Jewish Pub. Society of America. 75 cents.
Ames, E. S. The Psychology of Religious Experience. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $2.50 net.
Arnold, M. Essays in Criticism. Third series. Boston: Ball Pub. Co. $1.25 net.
Bagby, G. W. The Old Virginia Gentleman, and Other Sketches. Scribner. $1.50 net.
Baird, J. K. Hester's Counterpart. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1.25.
Barbour, R. H. Kingsford Quarter. Century. $1.50.
Bergson, H. Time and Free Will. Trans. by F. L. Pogson. Macmillan. $2.75 net.
Betz, F. Die Schildbürger. Stories, selected and edited. Boston: Heath. 35 cents.
Bigelow, J., jr. The Campaign of Chancellorsville. Yale Univ. Press. $10 net.
Brahms, J. Hungarian Dances. Books I and II. Boston: Ditson. $1.50 each.
Caico, L. Sicilian Ways and Days. D. Appleton.
Chater, M. The Eternal Rose. Revell. $1 net.
Chauncey Giles Year-Book. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.25 net.
Chesterton, G. K. What's Wrong With the World. Dodd, Mead. $1.50.
Clinch, G. English Costume From Prehistoric Times to the End of the Eighteenth Century. Chicago: McClurg. $2.50 net.
Cole, C. G. The Poetical Elements in the Diction and Syntax of Tacitus. Stechert.
Cook, W. A. Through the Wildernesses of Brazil. Amer. Tract Society. $1.25.
Coombs, F. L. The Young Railroaders. Century. $1.50.
Crawford, J. P. W. Spanish Composition. Holt. 75 cents.
Crockett, S. R. Love's Young Dream. Macmillan. $1.50.
Cunningham, W. Christianity and Social Questions. Scribner. 75 cents net.
De Dino, Duchesse. Memoirs—1841-1850. Scribner. $2.50 net.
Du Bois, M. C. The League of the Signet Ring. Century. $1.50.
Dudley, A. T. At the Home Plate. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1.25.
Dyson, C. C. The Life of Marie Amélie, 1782-1866. D. Appleton.
Earhart, W. Art Songs for High Schools. American Book Co. 80 cents.
Ebbutt, M. I. Hero-Myths and Legends of the British Race. Crowell. $2 net.
Eldred, W. L. The Crimson Ramblers. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1.50.

Financial.

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